

Lt.-Gen. Guy Simonds
reveals

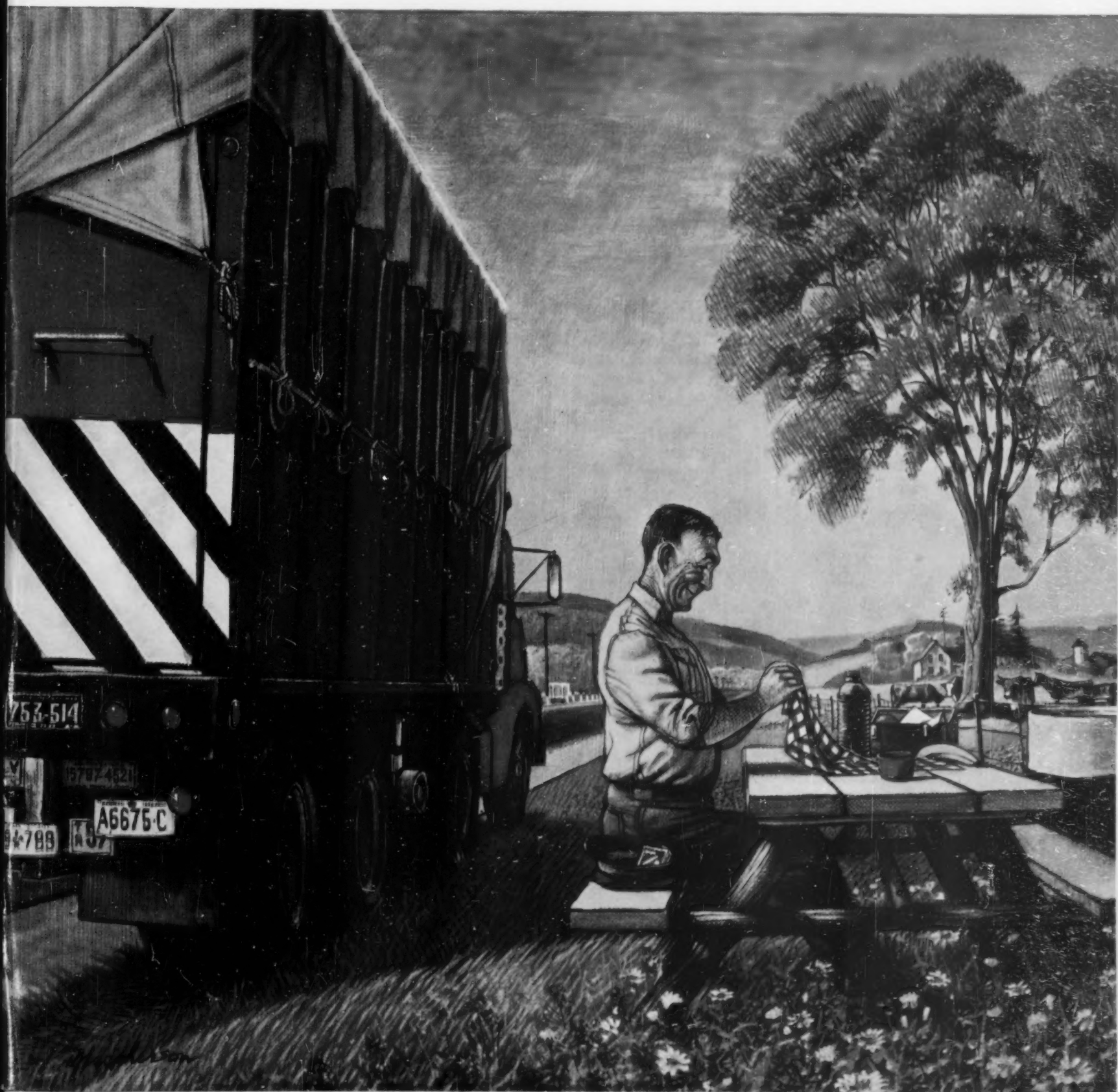
Canada's defense blunders

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE 23, 1956

VOLUME 69

NUMBER 13

Editorial

How to tame the automobile

Traffic jams are at the root of central city disintegration, undermining and enfeebling the entire community, causing diffusion of major tax sources and disruption of whole municipal economies."

In these words R. F. Thoma, president of the American Transit Association, recently reminded the Canadian Tourist Association of one of civilized man's most idiotic failures—his failure to find a means of proceeding from Point A to Point B without creating a state of stagnation or chaos, or both.

Sad though it is, the race's apparent inability to prevent wars and certain malignant diseases stems from defects in the human flesh and the human spirit which are not easy to control. But modern traffic is entirely man's creature. Man has the absolute power and the absolute right to make it his absolute servant if he wishes to do so.

Instead, we have allowed traffic to become our master. And we will never regain our freedom through patchy and haphazard makeshifts like larger parking lots, express highways and longer, deeper subways. An entirely new approach is needed and it needs to be bold and even drastic.

Everybody knows the root cause of traffic jams: too many vehicles trying to occupy too little road space. At a conservative estimate, fifty percent of the vehicles that cause the average urban traffic jam are performing no indispensable function. They are carrying one person from and to his home outside the centre of a city to and from his place of business in the centre of a city. They are seldom used to make work calls that could not be made by other means.

All the people who use their cars for such a purpose are not doing so without cause. The public transportation services which link the centres of our cities with the residential areas are not, in the main, equipped to carry much more traffic than they carry now. In rush hours

they are slow and crowded and their slowness is magnified by their need of competing for space on the streets with the people who have been crowded off into private cars.

To talk about taking private cars off the city streets without putting more streetcars and buses on them is to forget the mathematics of city living. And to put on more streetcars and buses without first finding some reasonable plan to pay for them and, second, clearing more space for them, would be another negation of logic.

It may be that the solution is this: let all cities faced with serious traffic problems impose a special city license fee—in effect a business tax—on all private vehicles whose owners feel they must drive into the crowded areas during business hours. Tourists and out-of-town business visitors could and should be exempted from this tax, but anyone dwelling within, say, fifteen miles of the city hall would either have to pay the special license fee or risk a fine every time he brought his car downtown during the peak traffic hours. The designation of cars that are liable to the tax would be relatively easy, if the provincial licensing authorities would co-operate.

In our largest cities as many as a hundred thousand cars pile in and out of the downtown area in an average weekday. A reasonably stiff city license—say twenty-five dollars—might take half those cars out of the rush-hour stream. The other half would contribute several million dollars a year for improved bus, streetcar and subway services to the cities and their suburbs and to the elimination of bottle-necks.

Under a plan such as this most of the Canadians who live in and around large cities would get to and from work more quickly and in better nervous health. And our sometime friend and sometime enemy, the automobile, would revert to the status of a beloved ally, an indispensable partner in our work and in our fun.

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The country gentleman

Picnic tables like this are familiar to motorists in many parts of Canada. And huge transports like this thunder by them incessantly. We wondered out loud to artist Duncan Macpherson what a trucker would look like dining at one. So he showed us.

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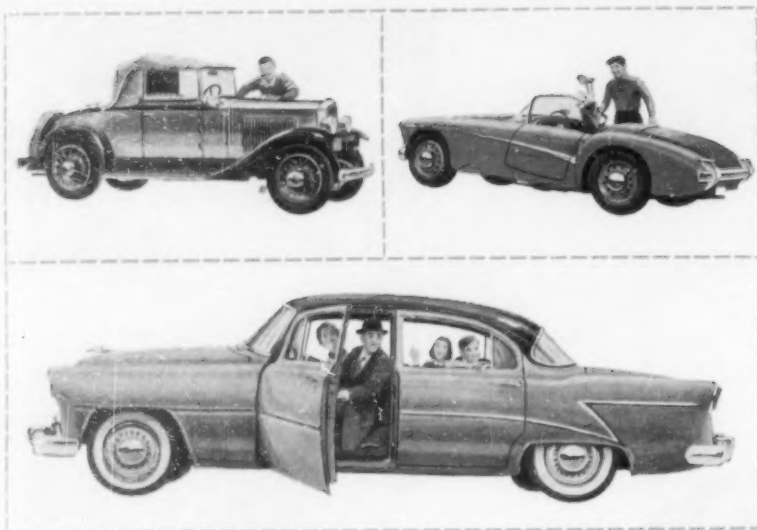
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How can you help reverse this tragic trend and make motoring the pleasure it should be? Here are some safety suggestions that may help hold highway disasters in check:

✓ **1. Check your speed** — It has been found that about 3 out of 10 drivers involved in fatal accidents each year were guilty of violating speed laws. Always slow down at night and when road, traffic and weather conditions are hazardous. Speeding doesn't always get you to your destination sooner than a safe, slower rate of driving.

✓ **2. Check yourself** — Research has shown that about 1 out of 14 drivers involved in fatal accidents had a

physical or mental condition — such as worry, fatigue and sleepiness — that was a contributing factor in the accident. So, never drive when you're upset or tired. Today's traffic demands that you keep all your senses alert as you drive.

✓ **3. Check your car** — Keeping your car in safe operating condition is your responsibility — not your mechanic's. You can judge for yourself whether brakes, tires, steering wheel, lights and windshield wipers are in proper working order. If you notice any defects, have them corrected immediately. Don't wait until it's time for your next semi-annual car check to have even the most minor trouble corrected.

✓ **4. Check your driving habits** — Now and then, the most skilful drivers tend to become a bit careless. They may become less considerate of other drivers and of pedestrians — or take chances on violating this or that traffic law. Remember, all rules of the road are made to help you, not to hinder you. When you violate a law, you are asking for an accident.

The fact that you've never had a mishap is no proof that you are the complete master of your car. Perhaps you've been lucky . . . and luck has a way of running out sooner or later. So, drive as if your life depended on it. *It does!*

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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

What shockers the Dockers are!

PERHAPS WE HAD better begin this study of the Fabulous Dockers by a flashback to Monte Carlo in 1952. Sir Bernard Docker's yacht was in the harbor and he and his wife had gone to the Casino. It was a beautiful September night and with a party of friends Sir Bernard and Lady Docker wanted to see the Dior fashion show in the Casino before challenging the gaming tables.

There were soft lights and sweet music but they did not subdue her ladyship's critical sense. To her mind—and she really does know about dress—the Dior show had too many tweeds and was a dull affair altogether.

Not being reticent she ex-



Rich Sir Bernard wore a miner's cap, wined miners on his yacht.

over to my table and talk to me." The prince, without rising, answered, "I do not wish to talk to you. Please go away from my table."

Her ladyship was shocked and angry but her answer was intended to remind the prince that there was still such a thing as *noblesse oblige*.

"Prince Faucigny-Lucinge," she said, "you have been a guest on board our yacht and—"

I regret to record that before she could say anything more the prince turned to Sir Bernard and asked him to take his wife away. By that time the prince was on his feet and Sir Bernard grasped his arm and urged him to apologize to his wife.

At that moment five men in white evening jackets, who were paid officials of the Casino, advanced upon Sir Bernard, forced his arms back from behind and told him to be calm. Whereupon a waiter with a stern sense of duty came *Continued on page 34*



Lady Docker broke up a fashion show and rowed at Monte Carlo.

pressed her opinions in audible tones, which roused considerable irritation among the assembled Dior worshippers. Nor was she pleased to discover that there were to be fireworks instead of a cabaret. Her guests agreed that it was a shame.

Calling a waiter she ordered him to take a message to Prince Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge (then president of the society running the Casino) that she wished to see him. The waiter did as he was told but came back with the reply that "the prince says he is occupied."

This was too much for our heroine. To be affronted by a princeling in a casino transformed her into a veritable Boadicea. She strode over to the prince's table where he was supping with friends and stood to attention in imitation of a British Grenadier on parade.

"Prince Faucigny-Lucinge," she said, "I asked you to come

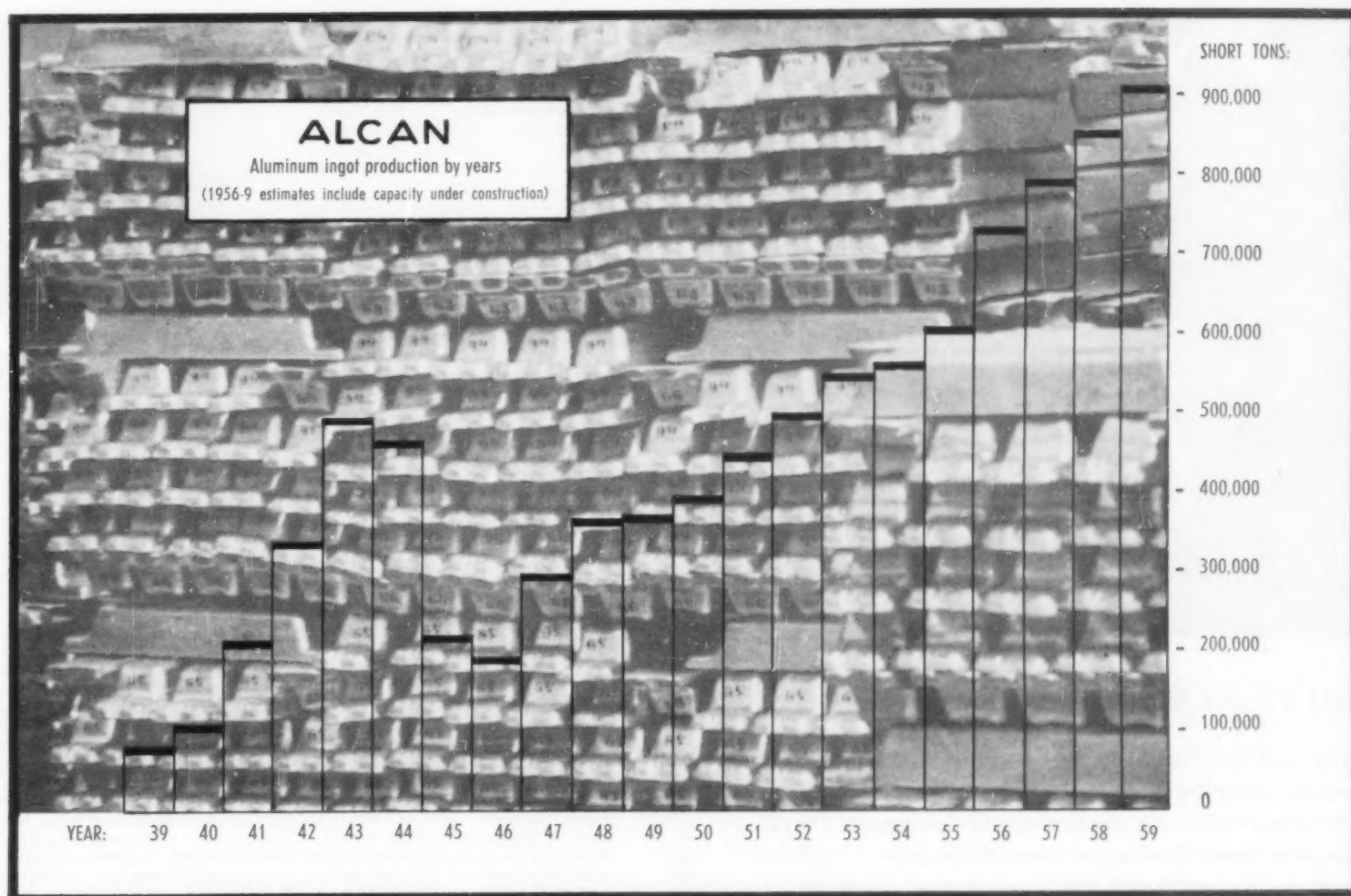


Gilded Daimler shocked London. "It's my money!" cried Docker.

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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

MORLEY CALLAGHAN ASKS

Why shouldn't we be like the Americans?

THESE ARE STRANGE and bewildering times for a man like me who all his life has thought of himself simply as a Canadian. My brand of nationalism was a simple and childlike thing. It had never occurred to me that I was anything else but a Canadian in the North American world, and the evidence of my eyes and ears as I grew older bore this out. It seemed to me that in this arena of conflicting loyalties my natural spiritual antagonists were men like my lords Beaverbrook and Bennett whose imperial views I have watched wither on the vine of history with some satisfaction.

It was not so easy to be an unhyphenated Canadian when I was a boy. The Ontario public school system practically guaranteed that any boy emerging from lower school, or even high school, would have practically no sense whatever of his identity as a Canadian. John A. Macdonald has said it: "A British subject I was born and a British subject I will die;" and he had died and that covered at least one subject. Another good phrase for the winning of a reciprocity election, so my father had told me, was, "No truck nor trade with the Yankees."

What is a Canadian?

Times changed, of course. Two world wars brought to Canada a growth of the national spirit, a sense of independence marked by the Statute of Westminster and the end of appeals to the Privy Council. These changes, however, haven't made it any easier for the Ontario schoolboy to discover what he is as a Canadian, and what street he lives on in the world. My little spies from the schoolrooms tell me that the national spirit is made to blend in with "the larger view, the commonwealth and empire view," which is so large that the Canadian manages to get lost in it. A happy cultural expression of the men of the larger view was the play *Tamburlaine* which went to New York. It had a British director, British stars, a British designer, with a lot of Canadians as hewers of wood and drawers of water. I never could quite figure out why this production was supposed to be a Canadian failure in New York.

The other day one of the Toronto newspapers scolded the Ontario minister of education for urging the school children to celebrate Empire Day, and for using the phrase "commonwealth and empire." Canada had nothing to do with the empire, said the editorial writer, and the commonwealth had nothing to do with it either. These were the simple facts, said the writer. However, I think it will be some time before Ontario school children are



One of Canada's best-known novelists and short-story writers, Mr. Callaghan is also a panelist on radio and TV.

invited to face these facts; they might be left with nothing better than a fierce pride in being Canadian.

If I seem to be suggesting that a new kind of nationalism is being pushed for all it is worth, and at the same time mentioning that very little is being done to develop a sense of national identity in the schools, I am not contradicting myself. The truth is that the new fine-feathered nationalists are the men I used to want to have as my antagonists. It is hard for me to believe they have any real pride in their identity as Canadians. Scratch them a little and they soon reveal themselves as the old hyphenated Anglo-Canadians. It isn't fashionable to be an Anglo-Canadian anymore. But as nationalists they are able to do what they have been doing since 1776—resisting spiritually the whole American world.

I am against this new nationalism because I believe it gives Canadians no real awareness of their identity. I'm against it because it takes no stock of the facts of our real position in the world. It tries to pump up a resentment against the whole American world and takes us out of that world which belongs to us just as much as it does to the people of the United States, and leaves us stewing in a narrow provincialism.

The wonder of it is that those who are trying to create an anti-American spirit in this country don't take the time to look at a map and then hold their heads. Right across the continent stretches the line that separates Canada from the U. S. On the east coast there is the American base, Goose Bay; stretching across our Arctic frontier is our northern defense line, an American-Canadian venture nominally, but we can't pay for it or man it ourselves. Then there is Alaska, and the Alaska panhandle stretching down our Pacific coast. In effect now, we are an island in an American sea. This is the Canadian condition. If *Continued on page 81*

Centenaire ETERNA

1856, that was yesterday... Baudelaire was gathering his "Fleurs du Mal," Darwin tracing man's descent from the apes, Karl Marx pondering his "Manifesto"; Wagner's "Lohengrin" enriched the world of music, and the Suez Canal was under construction. 1856?



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Theodore took the helm on the threshold of the 20th century and with him Eterna entered modern times. Though modest in size, Switzerland was beginning an invasion of world markets. Eterna was established in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, New York. 1914 saw a sensation at the National Fair: an alarm wristwatch displayed by Eterna. A prototype or a curiosity? The shape of things to come was predicted by the Hexa

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Backstage in Paris

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Cartoon by Grossick

Like Diogenes, Pearson's team seeks but doesn't expect to find.

A sticky job for NATO's "wise men"

"THE THREE WISE MEN" was the inevitable label for the committee—Pearson of Canada, Lange of Norway, Martino of Italy—that is trying to devise a useful nonmilitary role for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, but it's no reflection on these eminent gentlemen to say that the title is inappropriate. They might better be called three men in a tub. Like the tub-dweller Diogenes who went about with a lantern looking for an honest man, NATO's three wise men are seeking something without much hope of finding it.

At the NATO council meeting here in May, everybody agreed with Lester Pearson and John Foster Dulles that the time had come to make NATO more than a mere military alliance. Agreement ended there, though. To the short rude question, "Such as what?" everyone had either a different answer or none at all.

The French came up with an elaborate scheme for routing all foreign aid to underdeveloped countries through a brand-new agency of the United Nations. They explained, with engaging candor, that if NATO were to give its blessing to this scheme it might appease a large number of French voters who had never been very enthusiastic about NATO in the first place. Observers thought it might also be calculated to make a good impression on the Russians, whom French Premier Guy Mollet was about to visit. Perhaps with both these objectives in mind, the

French had leaked their scheme to their own newspapers the day before the NATO council met, so its reception in the secrecy of the council chamber was somewhat unenthusiastic.

But though nobody supported the French suggestion, neither did anyone come up with any very concrete alternatives. The furthest the council got was to agree on several things that NATO should not do.

NATO will not, for example, have anything to do with handing out aid to underdeveloped countries. Donor nations like the United States and Canada said they had no intention of turning over their gifts for someone else to distribute. Recipient nations, moreover, were known to regard NATO as a military, if not militarist, bloc, so it was a safe guess that they'd be even more suspicious of gifts from NATO than they are of gifts from the U. S.

Neither will NATO have any share in working out economic arrangements among its members. Article Two of the treaty, which was included at the insistence of Canada, pledges them all to economic co-operation with each other, but a committee under Canada's chairmanship found out several years ago that there was nothing NATO could do to implement that article. Half a dozen other organizations are better equipped to do anything the nations are willing to have done.

One suggestion made in Paris was that NATO should try to expand

Continued on page 75

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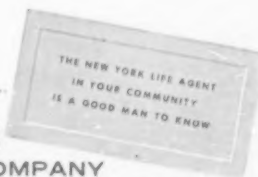
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"Every traveler who wishes to understand the nation must come here . . . to its capital, its brain."

Bruce Hutchison rediscovers
THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

XV

OTTAWA

At the end of a memorable journey, Bruce Hutchison finds a nation that has at last discovered itself. But—from the vantage point of the capital—he wonders if its leaders

"have sensed the true inward motion of the nation's mind"

EVERY road in Canada, every trail through forest, prairie and tundra, leads at last to Ottawa. Every traveler who wishes to understand the nation must come here. For Ottawa, with all its faults, disguises and myths, is not only the nation's capital but its brain—not its heart, mind you, but its brain, radiating impulses, wise or foolish, to every nerve and muscle of half a continent.

You can admire Ottawa or condemn it. No Canadian can escape it wherever he lives, from the forty-ninth

parallel to the Arctic. But my travels through most of the nation had convinced me that few Canadians begin to understand the forces or the men moving in Ottawa today.

Inevitably, at the end of this little pilgrimage, I found myself back in Ottawa, hoping to sort out a confusion of ideas, to test them against the opinion of experts and, most of all, to see if Ottawa knew what was happening beyond the stone circle of Parliament Hill.

About nine *Continued on page 37*

A MACLEAN'S ALBUM

on the next eight

pages Bruce

Hutchison and

photographers

Ronny Jaques

and Peter Croydon

review in picture

and text

their

rediscovery of

Hutchison's

Unknown Country . . .



Rank, ravenous and forever hostile to man is the jungle of the Pacific shelf. But leaf mold laid down in layers of countless aeons sprouts giant trees for man's purposes. He cuts them but their seedlings always rise again.

In winter Manitoba's earth withers and seems to die. It has only gone to sleep. Spring's alarm clock will awaken it to thrust up another harvest.



The Land

Text and captions
BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

Photographs
BY RONNY JAQUES
AND PETER CROYDON

IF ANY STRANGER would know the Canadian mind let him look first at the land of Canada. For the land, more than anything else, has shaped the mind. We are too young to be fully shaped by history, too remote from one another to be shaped by abstract theories. But we hold the land jointly, its harsh beauty, illimitable distance and healing silence. The land lives for all of us in that deep, wordless region where nations are fashioned secretly and a people is born.

Our eyes see and our racial mind remembers the great rivers, the mountains, the prairie and the forest. Our ears are tuned to the sounds of the land, to trees groaning under storm, grain whispering in summer dawn, water gurgling in the dark, the song of birds, the drum of frogs, the murmur of insects, the trout splash in the silent lake, the swirl of paddle and click of axe, a boy's shout in the swimming hole, the crunch of footsteps in the snow. These things enter through the eye and ear but within the racial mind they are distilled and compacted beyond the measurement of knowledge.

The land can be reckoned in area, topography and wealth. No man can reckon its power in the Canadian's subconscious. It is ours, won by long struggle, and its presence—so large, inexpressible and fair—overtops our divisions and unites us, by a common vision, in the creaturehood of Canada. ★

Three centuries of cultivation could not deplete Quebec's soil. Twelve generations since Louis Hébert's time have jealously guarded the ancestral treasure.





Prince Edward Island is a single garden and a lovesome thing, God wot, beloved by Island folk, tended by thrifty hands, primped to perfection and remembered by its exiled sons as Adam remembered Eden.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

The Rockies' eroded minerals seep perpetually, grain by grain, into the Alberta prairie. Snow moistens the dry foothills. The chinook warms them. Grass surges up overnight to feed cattle and wash the rangeland in sudden green.





From Newfoundland villages, perched like sea birds' nests on the Atlantic rocks, the fishermen push their cockleshell boats into wild waters where the cod are swarming toward the traps.

John Cabot dropped a basket overboard in 1497, hauled it up full of cod and announced the riches of a "New-founde-lande." Since then a race of seamen, oldest of Canadians in Canada's youngest province, have reaped the nation's original harvest.



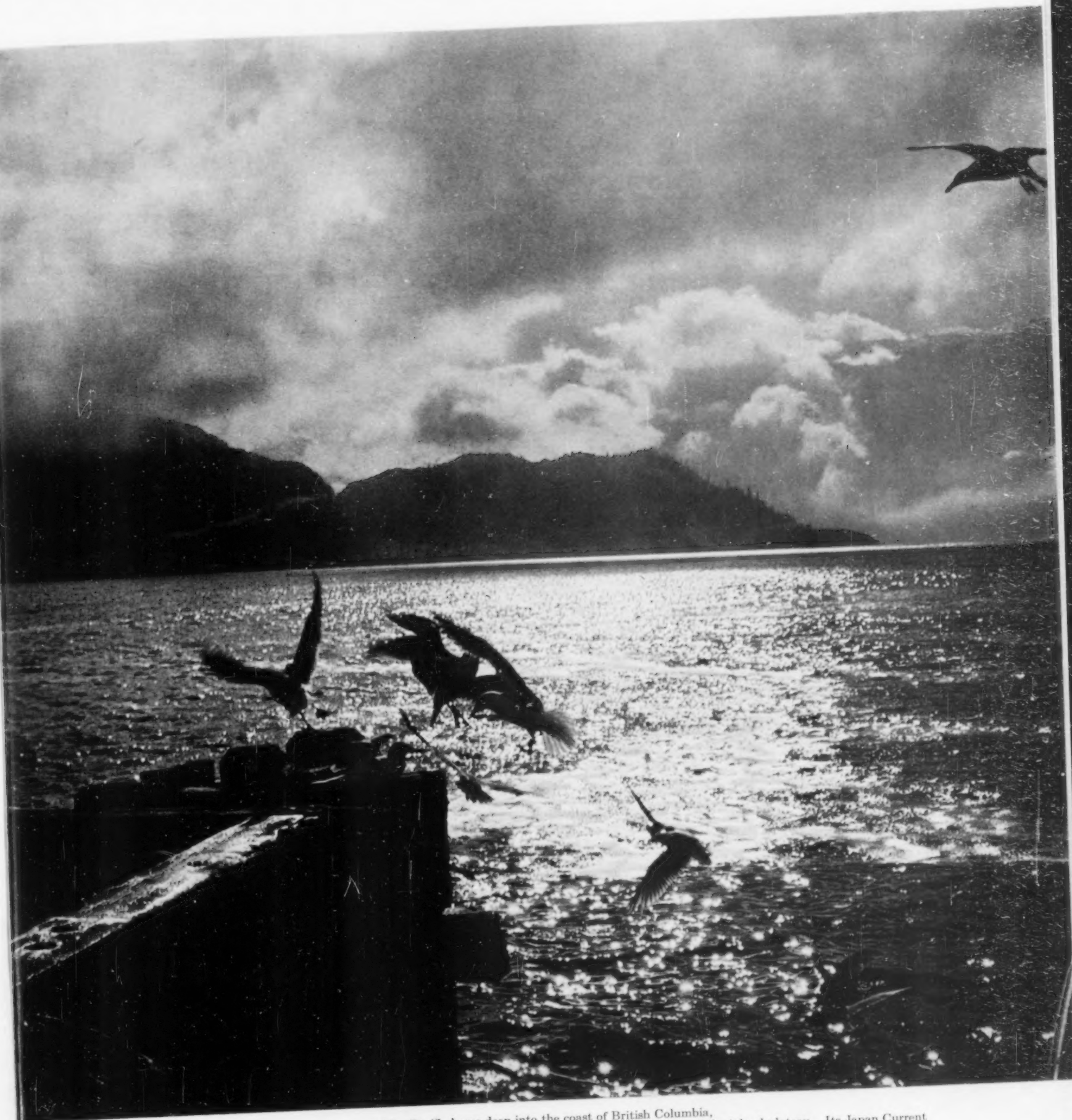
The Sea



THREE OCEANS WASH the shores of Canada, grind the coastal rock, break on the indestructible sand and hurl the gales of Atlantic, Arctic and Pacific to the centre of the continent. The oceans brought all men here in the beginning. Indians, Eskimos, and prehistoric races before them came by the Arctic and the Pacific in remote time. Only a moment ago, by the measurement of man's life upon the earth, the mixed white races who call themselves Canadians crossed the Atlantic in tiny sailing ships.

Like life itself, the nation emerged from the sea. Though the sea still bounds us on three sides within the island of North America, it joins us to the world, carries our goods to market, supplies our teeming fisheries and subtly colors our life. We became a land people of farm, forest and city when the first ships anchored off the rock of Quebec but we could never escape the sea. In peace and war Canadians are sucked back across the sea to the far lands of their ancestors.

The landsman looks from the Maritime shore, from the cliffs of British Columbia or the Arctic barrens and remembers whence he came. ★



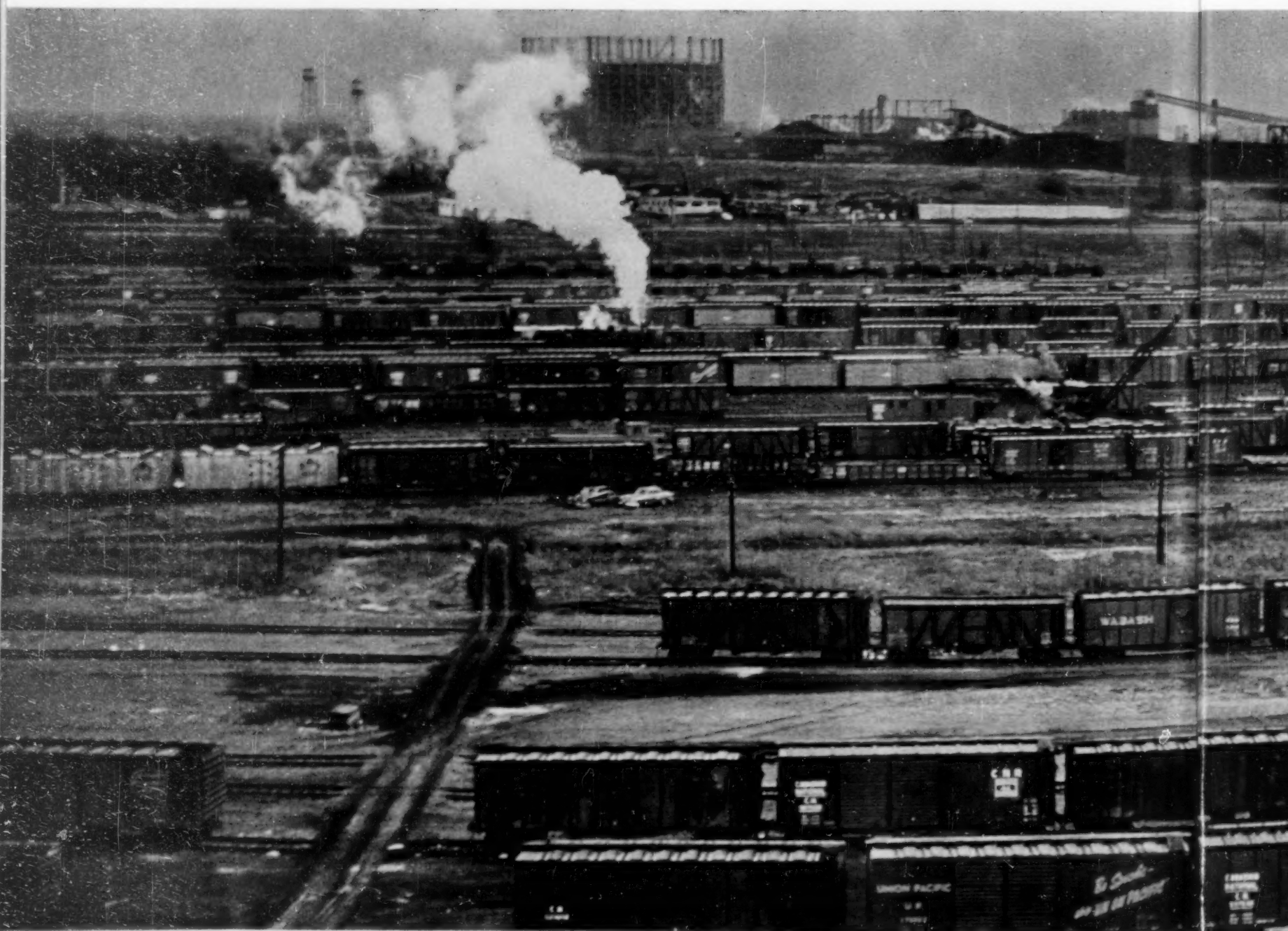
The Pacific bores deep into the coast of British Columbia, thrusts its twisted fiords halfway across the Coast Mountains and penetrates to the base of the inland plateau. Its Japan Current carries a mixed and opulent cargo—the first warm touch of Canadian spring, rain to nourish the coastal forest, salmon to their autumn spawning rivers, a mild winter to men's cities, a whiff of Asia and ships from the seven seas.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



The Lifeline

A FE
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coast.





A FREIGHT TRAIN wriggles across the plains, no larger than a centipede in this immensity of earth and sky. A headlight smaller than a glowworm winks for a moment in the Rockies' gorges. A locomotive, rimed with inland frost, rattles down to the misty coast. When the whistle wails in the darkness the

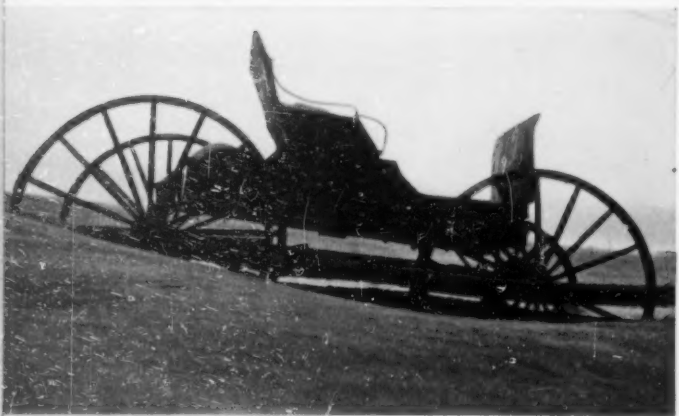
Canadian hears the old music of his fathers, the secret communication and password of a lonely race. Always, day and night, the trains are moving from the cities to the nation's empty rim. Two parallel shafts of steel, nothing else, first joined the fragments of a land not yet a nation. They are still its lifeline. ★

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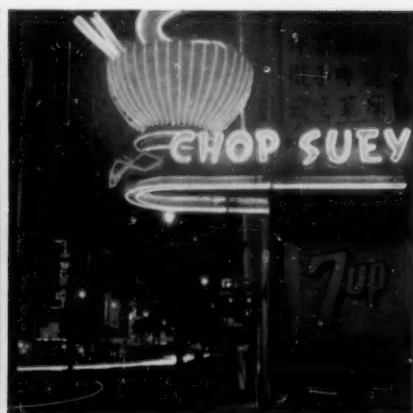
Summer leaves a cheerful green postscript across the narrow page of Prince Edward Island before the autumn scrawls its signature in gold.



The horse-and-buggy days are finished on the Saskatchewan plains. But this humble monument, mouldering under hot summer suns and winter's savage cold, tells the story of the pioneers who broke the sod of Canada's heartland.



An ancient English immigrant, the daffodil, thrives like all immigrants in a rich land, on the shore of Vancouver's harbor, beside a man-made growth of steel and concrete.



Some lost junk brought the first Chinese to British Columbia long ago. They came again to mine gold, build the CPR and light the night-time glitter of Vancouver's Chinatown.

The Places and the People

SO VAST THE LAND, so varied are its people that no man lives long enough to see more than the surface of Canada. The cities we know, the institutions, governments, and all the tangled apparatus called civilization. Three visible dimensions, however, do not make a nation. It is made of human beings, and their dimensions are measureless. It is made by nameless men and women who, like all their species, are born, live and die alone. A farmer in some distant grain field, a dark figure shuffling through some midnight street, children playing in the snow, worshipers kneeling in an ugly church—all these and many more make Canada. An old house by the St. Lawrence, a broken wagon, a ghost town in the Cariboo, daffodils beside Vancouver's harbor, the buzz and click of summer in Quebec meadows, a blizzard on the central plains—these casual things, disordered as in a dream, cling to the traveler's memory when all facts are forgotten. And they tell us more about Canada than any fact. ★

The gold rush carried the Chinese miners to Barkerville where they built their Masonic hall, abandoned now in the ghostly capital of the Cariboo.



Street signs of Dieppe, New Brunswick, written in English and French, intimate the deepest historic process of the nation. Canadians of French blood will soon be the majority here.



Upper Canada's Loyalists built snug houses against the cold and launched the industrial prodigy of Ontario. But many of their sons would never leave the land.



Acadians settled New Brunswick, brought with them their religion, were exiled but returned to build their churches in the blurred image of a French homeland.



The prairie horse is going the way of the buffalo but he is still useful. His muscles will haul a sleigh where snow stalls the strongest tractor.



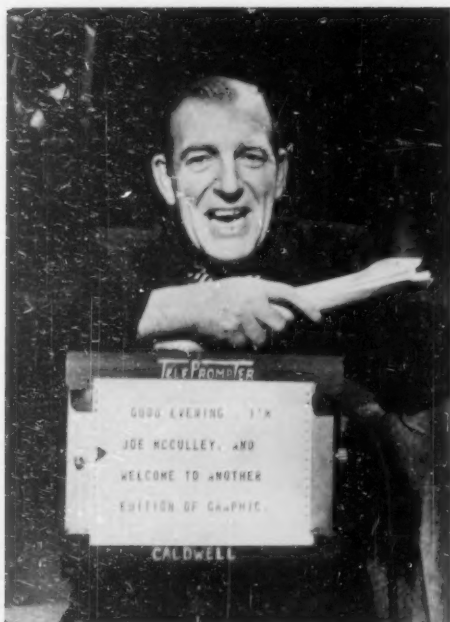
The streets of St. John's, once fishermen's trails athwart our oldest harbor, still reek of salt, cod, tar, ships and memories.



Man has mastered the prairie land of summer. He is helpless before the demented blizzard and sometimes spring flood, aftermath of winter snow.



In Fort Vermilion, America's northernmost farm country, men still live the kind of pioneer life that built the nation fifty years ago.



McCulley reads his "casual" interviews off a TelePrompter but his easy manner is natural.

JOE McCULLEY: Can they make him a TV star?

BY BARBARA MOON

He's been a lot of things:
schoolmaster, prison expert,
art patron. But television?
He didn't even watch it
until CBC saw his big ears
and made him emcee
on new and costly Graphic



TV is a sideline; his real job is warden of Hart House at University of Toronto. Here in lobby McCulley (centre) talks to two of staff.

JUST before Christmas 1955 Rhys Sale, president of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, made a resolution for the coming year. "Ford," he said, "has got to get into Canadian television."

Within minutes, it seemed, a CBC staff of thirty was at work packaging a prestige program of the sort to do a rich sponsor proud. The product of their labors, unwrapped on the first Friday of this March, is a half-hour weekly *conversazione* called Ford Graphic. The unlikely by-product is the transformation of Joseph McCulley, a pedagogue who disapproves of television, into the star of the show.

Though he has fame—of an exclusive sort—as an educator, that didn't win him the job. He got it, instead, because he had jug ears and his name was Joe. And already the accident of this engaging combination has won him more fame than years of work in his chosen field. Bell hops at the Chateau Laurier, for instance, know him by name now, though he's been going there unrecognized for years.

The new notoriety is accompanied by a whole series of wrenches to his normal patterns and prejudices. For example:

- McCulley regards motor cars and bathrooms as symptoms of a pernicious mass standardization, and even tends to shout into a telephone. But in his new role he has to deal with a bewildering array of electronic paraphernalia designed to light him, picture him, echo him, time him, turn him on and off, cue him and can him for posterity. The most remorseless of these is the TelePrompter, a device that unwinds his script on a sort of player-piano roll at the precise rate he must read it. It is fixed just above the lens of the camera so that McCulley can scan it while appearing to gaze frankly into the eye of the televiewer.

- McCulley enjoys gracious living but he is plunked down every Friday night on a fake patch of broadloom applied with a paintbrush in front of a gimcrack backdrop hung with bunched curtains and asked to pretend that this is his study. His own spacious rooms are carpeted in real broadloom and decked with collector's items and hand-blocked draperies.

- McCulley disapproves of deception to the extent that, as headmaster of a school, he preferred to allow smoking rather than ban it and risk having the boys sneak out behind the

woodshed. Now he is party to the manifold pretenses of television, including the pretense that Graphic is a real backstage peek at people in spontaneous conversation.

- McCulley has been teaching, guiding or counseling since he was thirteen. Suddenly, at fifty-six, he is on the receiving end. "It's up to the producers," he says frankly, "to make an emcee out of me. They've got to hammer, pummel, coach and coax me into shape."

His whole background is pedagogic—and impressive. He was headmaster of Pickering College, a private boys' school north of Toronto, for twenty years. He left to become deputy commissioner of penitentiaries for Canada, in charge of education and training. In 1952 he moved on again, this time to the coveted position of warden of Hart House. Hart House is a sort of men's club on the University of Toronto campus and the warden's duties are roughly equivalent to those of a YMCA boys' secretary. McCulley had wanted to be warden a long time before he got the appointment in 1952; yet now, once a week, he's in the hands of a group who, as he points out, "couldn't care less about Hart House." It pays him to be. For a full week's work as warden McCulley grosses about \$192 (it's a \$10,000 a year job); for half a day's work on Graphic he gets about \$200.

To point up the paradoxes, McCulley (a bachelor) doesn't even own a television set. "It's not part of our way of life," he says, referring to the life of a senior academic member of the University of Toronto.

The new program requires a staff of a hundred, costs half a million dollars a year and puts many viewers in mind of the interview and background shows conducted by Edward R. Murrow. But when he found out his performance was being compared with Murrow's, McCulley asked, "Who's Murrow?" He's since found out who Murrow is—he's a topflight newsman who knows how to make a televised interview seem like good talk over post-dinner port. But McCulley has studiously avoided catching his shows. "I don't want to be the Ed Murrow of Canada," he says. "I want to be the Joe McCulley of Canada."

He has a head start because he just naturally looks like a man you'd find arguing amiably as he squints through

Continued on page 78



While Joe McCulley sits in his own easy chair in a Toronto studio...



... he interviews Fridolin backstage in Montreal, 353 miles away

In his study—really a patch of floor in a downtown Toronto studio—McCulley chats with an image of Fridolin on a monitor set. At the same time in Montreal's Orpheum the star of *Fridolinades '56* listens to him and chats back. A crew of fifteen transmits his voice and image to Toronto where the interview is masterminded simply by blocking out one picture or the other.

**Canada's
ex-Chief of Staff**

tells us bluntly

**WHERE
WE'VE
GONE
WRONG
ON
DEFENSE**

HE SAYS *

- * "There is no co-ordinated effort to evolve a sound and comprehensive defense policy."
- * "The Canadian Chiefs of Staff Committee is 'packed' to protect the government against the receipt of unpalatable advice."
- * "Senior civil servants can, by deliberate and unwarranted stalling, defeat the recommendations of the armed forces even though those recommendations have been approved by the cabinet."
- * "The . . . chiefs of the three armed services are denied an opportunity to confront those responsible for political decisions with objective military advice."
- * "Certain politicians . . . have raised the bogey of a so-called military 'junta' attempting to usurp political powers. Such fantasies . . . represent one of the most outrageous hoaxes ever inflicted upon an unsuspecting public and Canadian political twisting at its worst and most degrading."
- * "There is no facet of our national affairs in which the stamp of a colonial mentality remains so deeply embedded as in that of our national defense."



By Lieut.-General GUY SIMONDS

CB, CBE, DSO, CD

"Our organization for higher direction is designed, and operates to provide military excuses for political expedients rather than offering objective military advice and sound execution of realistic planning."

IN MAKING a critical study of the capability of any organization the logical first step is to examine the machinery for direction and control at the top.

There is no facet of our national affairs in which the stamp of a colonial mentality remains so deeply embedded as in that of our national defense. Many Canadians, including those in high places, cling to the view that serious and objective consideration of Canadian military problems is of negligible importance because, willy-nilly, Canada is chained to the chariot wheels of the Great Powers. They argue that Canadian military thinking and action can have little if any influence in determining the course of events in world politics, whether aimed at maintaining peace, or failing attainment of that primary objective, successfully waging war. This argument is open to question.

It has been the author's experience in war and peace that the most senior military leaders of either of our two closest allies, Britain and the United States, are not unreceptive to arguments that stand on their merits, though they may be cool to proposals that are ill-disguised national commercial projects masquerading in military uniforms. But what seems wholly inconsistent and anomalous is that the same Canadians who argue that Canadian military considerations are of negligible importance, seem perfectly willing and happy to maintain an expensive and disproportionately weighty overhead control, paralleling that of the Great Powers.

What is the purpose of this ponderous directing overhead? Is it an effort to convince our potential enemies and our allies that military thought and experience are brought heavily to bear upon the decisions that determine Canadian defense policies? Or is it an effort to convince the Canadian taxpayer that the monies allocated to defense are being spent to provide the best and most realistic defense for Canada? Whatever the intention in the minds of its designers, it is the opinion of the author that this expensive overhead is not evolving sound and objective defense policies.

Because of this cumbersome system of direction, the responsible military chiefs of the three armed services are denied an opportunity to confront those responsible for political decisions with objective military advice and alternatives upon which decision must be made. Senior civil servants can, by deliberate and unwarranted stalling, defeat the recommendations of the armed forces, even though those recommendations have been approved by the cabinet. The organization of the defense department as a whole is cumbersome and lacks flexibility. To operate effectively in a major crisis it would have to undergo radical changes which would paralyze efficient operation at a time when it should develop its highest efficiency. The Permanent Joint Board on Defense acts as a barrier to direct contact between the Canadian and U. S. Chiefs of Staff except on a person-to-person basis within individual services. The predilection of Canadian members of this joint board to experiment in the field of gadgetry has engineered decisions of doubtful military value, but very expensive in money.

The task of reconciling military realities and the democratic system of popular government is one of the most difficult with which free nations have had to

Continued on page 62

SIMONDS ON . . .

The new CF-105 fighter



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION

"The wisdom of embarking on its development is open to serious military objections . . . The ground-to-air missile offers the only prospect of eventually counterbalancing the offensive in aerial warfare. It would have been more sensible and economical to have adopted a fighter developed by the U. S. or Britain as a gap-filler rather than embark on an expensive venture of our own, the product of which will have a very short life. The combined interests of the air force, the air industry and defense research scientists, burning with zeal to participate in a project they could call their own, coupled with the known desire of ministers to maintain a defense effort with a strict manpower ceiling, swept aside any opposition to this venture."

The northern radar lines



RADAR SITE

"The Mid-Canada Line with its McGill Fence could be justified as a stopgap if there should occur an appreciable time lag between its completion and that of the Dewline. It is difficult to understand what useful part it can fulfill in a defense system based upon guided missiles. The United States has pressed the construction of the Dewline with such vigor that it is for serious consideration whether the arguments for the Mid-Canada Line were not powerfully influenced by a desire to put to use gadgetry evolved in Canada rather than consideration of what would provide the best defense."

The Currie report



GEORGE CURRIE

"The army was not alone at fault. There were conspicuous shortcomings in the civil side of the defense department, not the least of which was the practice of writing administrative regulations and denying to the army both the numbers and categories of personnel needed to put them into effect. Nor were the quartermaster-general and most of his senior department heads, in office during the investigations, serving in that capacity at the time that evil practices were allowed to prevail. There was never any hint or suggestion from those who had been serving in the top ranks at the time the scandals took place that they should consider tendering their resignations. They were content to connive at the public distraction of ridiculing the army."

Will POWER drive SALMON from the Fraser?

Clamoring for hydro power, booming

B. C. faces a critical, controversial problem: should it let power companies harness its richest

river and perhaps kill off its most famous fish?



Senator Thomas Reid fights for fish and charges "public money paid for a private power survey."



Writer Roderick Haig-Brown warns: "If hydre has its way the salmon will vanish in my lifetime."



Fisheries Minister Sinclair insists: "Won't permit dams unless the safety of salmon is certain."

← These men say dams will doom salmon. They want a hands-off policy.

Fraser salmon is a \$40-million yearly catch for B.C.'s 12,000 fishermen and twenty fish canneries.



By McKenzie Porter

IN THE past year two of British Columbia's best-known Liberal politicians made forthright, somewhat angry and diametrically opposite pronouncements on a single urgent political issue—what to do with the Fraser River, British Columbia's most valuable and most vital artery. George Murray, a Fort St. John newspaperman and a former member of the House of Commons, said in New Westminster: "This province is crying out for hydro power. What sane man is going to let a dish of salmon stand in the way?" The Hon. James Sinclair, of Vancouver, who is Minister of Fisheries in the federal government, replied with equal candor and asperity: "It will be salmon first, then power. Salmon and power, maybe! But power before salmon—never!"

These comments, besides giving voice to a conflict that has raged for two years and gets hotter by the month, also give some indication of the feelings stirred up over the fate of the Fraser, which plunges more than eight hundred miles through the Western Cordilleras to the Pacific Ocean and feeds the fortunes of almost everyone in British Columbia. One authority, A. E. "Dal" Grauer, president of the B. C. Power Corporation, has called it "the greatest single undeveloped source of electricity left in North America." Almost everyone in Canada knows it is the greatest salmon river in the world. Therein lies the conflict, which the Vancouver Province recently committed to posterity with the ominous title, "The last battle for the Fraser."

Ultimately, the battle is bound to involve not only the people of British Columbia but, indirectly, every Canadian, since the Fraser, being a tidal river, comes under federal authority. What will Ottawa do with the Fraser?

Will it leave this turbulent but fruitful river to the salmon, which in a long mysterious cycle spawn, hatch, grow, leave and come back in such numbers that they support an industry worth forty million dollars a year to twelve thousand Canadian fishermen, twenty canneries and at least thirteen internationally known fishing companies? (Similar numbers of American fishermen make a living from Fraser salmon, whose catch is regulated by international agreement.)

Or will Ottawa give in to mounting industrial pressure and permit the construction of thirteen mammoth dams—including one that would be the biggest in the world? These dams would create a chain of placid lakes which, spilling from their beds, would give B. C. four times as much hydro-electric power, inflate tremendously its growing industrial capacity and perhaps doom forever its salmon.

The stakes on both sides are colossal.

Today British Columbia generates two and a half million electrical horsepower—almost half of it by two private companies, the Aluminum Company of Canada and Consolidated Mining and Smelting Corporation. The rest of the installed horsepower in the province is developed and sold by the B. C. Power Corporation, a \$350-million privately owned utility, and by the B. C. Power Commission, which is owned by the provincial government.

Since the war, however, B. C. has grown faster than any other province—from 800,000 to 1,300,000 in population—and an accompanying industrial boom has made increasing demands on the hydro-electric power capacity. The Aluminum Company has spent half a billion dollars expanding its facilities; today the British-owned Grosvenor Estates is building \$150 million worth of new factories on Annacis Island. Secondary industries—steel pipe, plastics, plywood, electronics, clothing—have been pouring into the province at the rate of five a day.

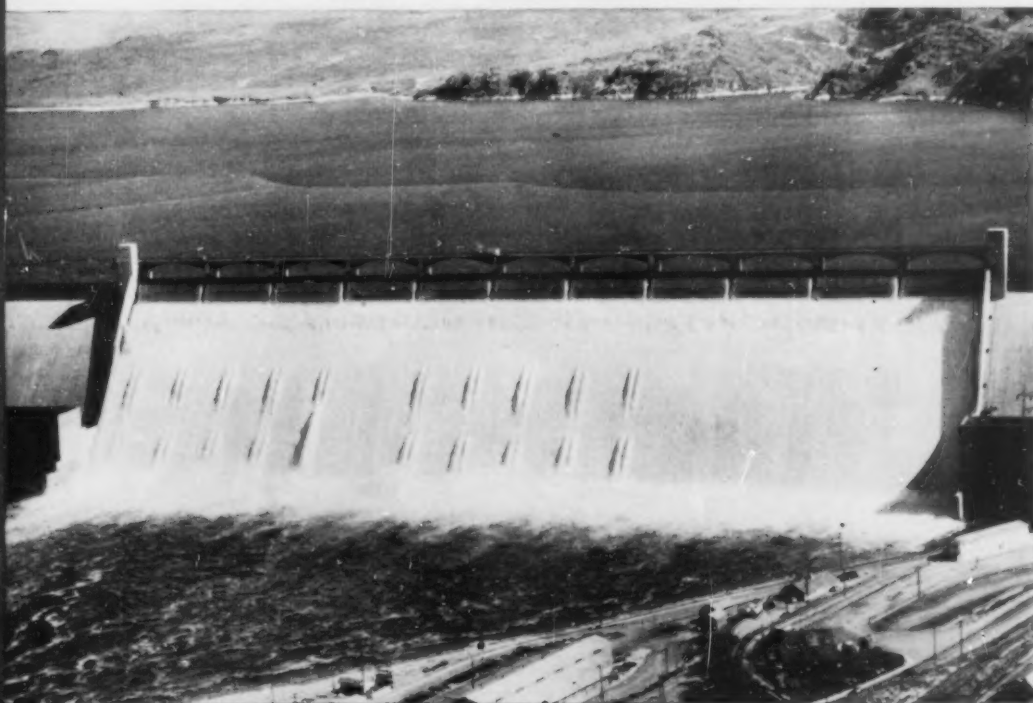
With an affectionate eye on this industrial boom, the B. C. Power Corporation has been eyeing with equal interest the province's twenty million undeveloped horsepower. Most of this lies in remote northern or eastern rivers; transmitting it to settled southwestern B. C. would be costly. The Fraser, which runs into the ocean over Vancouver's toes, is the nearest, cheapest and most abundant single source of power.

Thus, for good business reasons, B. C. Power proposes to build twelve dams on the Fraser and its tributaries to get an additional three and a half million horsepower within ten years. By that time the company figures industry will need it. There would be two reservoir dams on the Columbia River, with water diverted through tunnels to the Thompson River. On the Thompson there would be six power dams and on the Fraser four more.

In addition to these the Moran Power Development Company, an American backed firm, has outlined plans for a science-fiction-style dam on the Fraser near Lillooet. It would be over seven *Continued on page 58*

These men say B. C. is crying for power. They want a share of the Fraser. →

On the Columbia River in the U. S. dams like the Grand Coulee wiped out salmon in a few years.



Geologist Dr. Henry Warren
promises: "Power could build a second Vancouver in B.C. interior."



George Murray, a former MP,
asks: "What sane man would let a dish of salmon hold back progress?"



A. E. Grauer, power corporation
president, says: "B.C. needs power but it also wants Fraser salmon."

Red Wind could outwrestle Leaping Sun,

he could catch more

fish too



Delight of the Moon

would spring after

the race

for

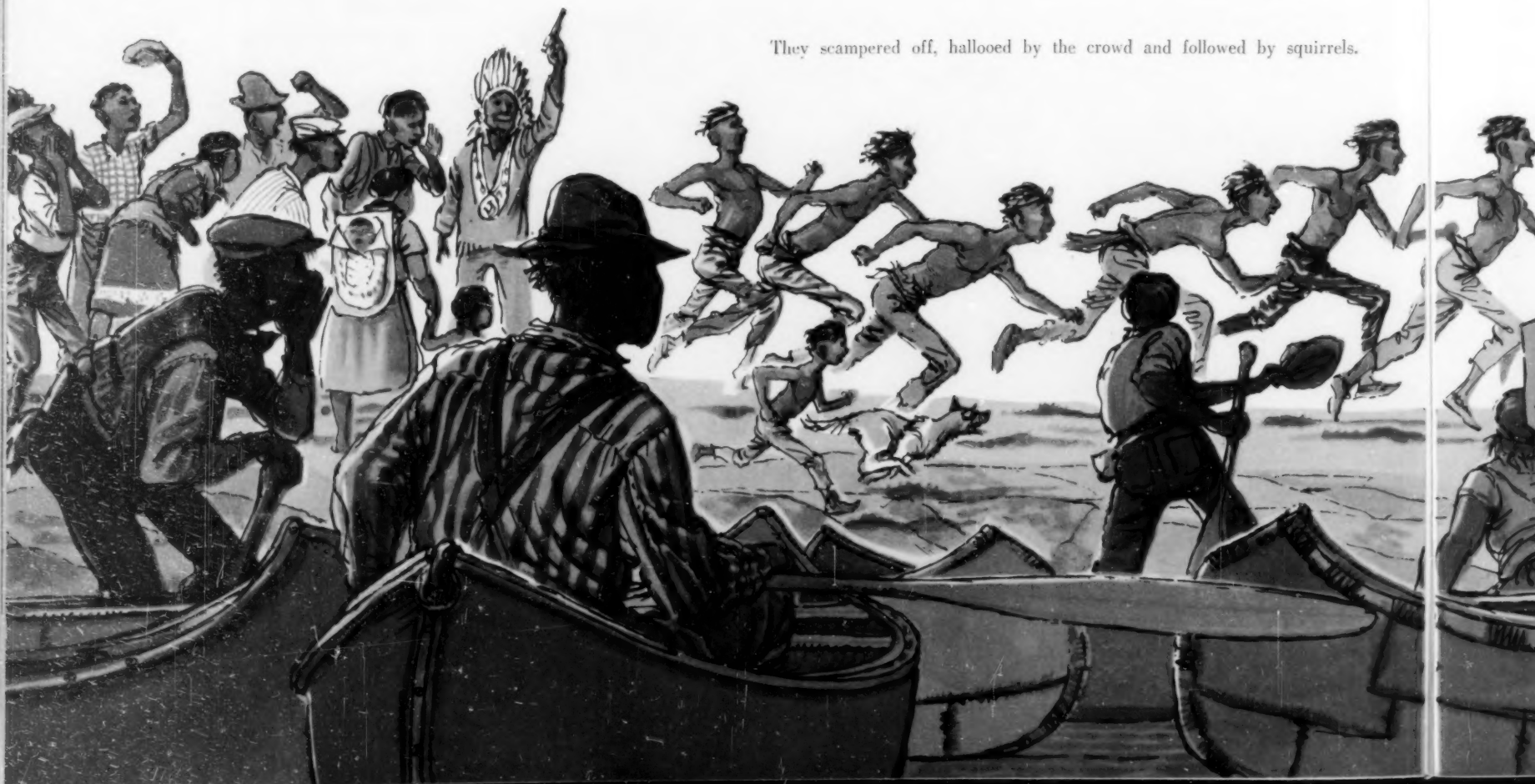


BY VERNON HOCKLEY

I SHALL NOW tell the whole story. I wish to state first that Leaping Sun is a weasel, a skunk, a wolverine and many other things. In spite of what the missionaries tell me, I do not love Leaping Sun.

There was the matter of the lost girl, Mizpah Jenkins. She went walking one morning in late spring and by night had not returned. Her father came to the village and promised two blankets and a rifle to anyone who could find her. Naturally we young men all set out, and I had not gone far, searching diligently in the moonlight, when Leaping Sun ranged up beside me.

They scampered off, hallooted by the crowd and followed by squirrels.



fish too,



but how could he guess the surprise his dusky

for the love of Mizpah Jenkins



"What plan have you, Red Wind?" he said. "How are we to decide where the maiden may have gone?"

"One must imagine," I said, "where one would go on such a day were he himself a young and sentimental girl."

Leaping Sun cocked his head. "As one betrothed you have an advantage, Red Wind. Very well, suppose you were such a girl."

We had paused at the head of a meadow misted in wild flowers and new grass. "One might be inclined," I said, "to stray down this slope, plucking the flowers, perhaps twining them

in one's hair." We proceeded down the meadow and came to the head of a dark glen. Leaping Sun was behind me, but I kept one eye in the back of my head, as the saying goes, and did not miss his little start of surprise as he peered forward over my shoulder. When I turned he was staring eagerly in an entirely different direction.

"See, Red Wind! Far up on that rocky slope. The flutter of something black and white!"

I could not resist sneering. Mizpah's father had described her dress. Leaping Sun made a great show of breathing hard.

"The slope is too steep for me! I should fall, or climb too slowly. Hasten, Red Wind! I shall follow as my inferior strength permits." Here the scoundrel grasped my shoulders and swung me around away from the direction in which he had first glanced.

"No, Leaping Sun," I said, "it was you who spied the dress, and surely a minute's delay in reaching the girl will make no difference. You must climb to her and gain the prize."

For a moment we argued and wrestled, but I was much the stronger and soon sent him reeling in the direction he had *Continued on page 48*

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



How they're solving the mystery of your memory

By Janice Tyrwhitt

Scientists aren't sure why,

but they know

your memory can file away

10,000 facts a second.

And some day,

they suspect, you'll learn

how to call out

memories when you want them

THE MOST basic and the most baffling of all human activities is the human memory. Each of us uses it in every waking moment, yet not one of us knows exactly how it works. But within the last fifty years psychologists and physiologists have learned more about it than earlier researchers discovered through the whole of recorded history. In fact, some of them believe that the day will come when we'll understand the subject so well that we'll be able to remember anything that ever happened to us.

Dr. Bruce Quarrington, chief psychologist at Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, is one who makes this startling prediction. "One of these days you'll be able to go to your memory bank and draw out the memory you need at the moment you need it," he says. "We can already do this by means of hypnosis and electrical stimulation, though the methods are clumsy and the memories we evoke aren't always the ones we want. But some time in the future we'll know the secret of voluntary total recall."

If we ever understand memory so well that we can manipulate it for our own purposes, we can expect some extraordinary changes in our way of living. For all learning starts with memory. It is our touchstone of truth in the law courts, our compass in the wilderness of mental illness. Without it, existence would be meaningless; man would be trapped forever in the limbo of the present, aware only of each instant's sensations, unable to recall what had happened in the past or to imagine what might lie in the future—for memory is essential to a grasp of the meaning of time.

Memory provides the continuity that ties our personalities together. If we lost it, we would lose all sense of identity, like a mental patient described by a French psychologist, Pierre Janet. This unfortunate girl, whose brain was damaged, had lost the ability to remember and spent much of her time rereading the same page of a book because she forgot the beginning of the page by the time she finished it.

Lack of memory may be embarrassing even if it's caused only by inattention. The

"absent-minded professor" of fiction has had some real-life counterparts. The late Prof. W. C. Keirstead, of the University of New Brunswick, habitually absorbed in intellectual speculation, was notoriously absent-minded about everyday affairs. One morning, having driven a student to classes, he stepped out of the car on one side while his passenger dismounted on the other. As they climbed the university steps, Keirstead greeted the student warmly, having forgotten that they had already met. An absent-minded McGill professor, the late Dr. Ira MacKay, had such a poor memory for faces that he once forgot the one he should have known best—and tipped his hat to his own reflection in the mirrored wall of a fashionable store.

On the other hand, many people have remarkably resourceful memories. Henry Royce, the British automobile manufacturer, used to send his engineers scurrying for their notes by quoting from memory whole pages of elaborate calculations. Toscanini knows by heart all the parts in hundreds of symphonic scores. At a press conference, Gen. George Marshall once asked each of the sixty correspondents present to ask him a question. Then he made a forty-minute speech in which he answered every question asked. Dr. Bruno Furst, a New York memory wizard, claims that he sometimes passes the time on long train trips by "rereading" from memory a novel he neglected to bring along.

How can you improve your own memory? Memorizing useless information won't help, because memory isn't like a muscle that can be strengthened by exercise. But you can develop a reliable memory by training yourself to observe things carefully. Modern psychologists agree with the dictum of Dr. Johnson, the eighteenth-century essayist: "The true art of memory is attention."

Most people concentrate on things they find especially interesting or potentially useful; this is why some head waiters develop an almost magical memory for names and faces, while historians may carry whole catalogues of dates in their heads. A Polish mathematician, Dr. Salo Finkelstein, once

Continued on page 69



Thomas Edison's remarkable memory aided him in many fields, including music (above, Helen Davis sings for him). He once repeated 600 complicated engineering details from memory.



Arturo Toscanini has memorized all of the parts in hundreds of symphonic scores.

By concentrating hard you can build up your memory. These famous people developed famous memories



Gen. George Marshall asked each of 60 newsmen to ask him a question, and took no notes. Then he delivered a forty-minute speech in which he answered every question.



Joseph Noseworthy MP had a "photographic memory." He could repeat pages of material after only one glance. British motor magnate Henry Royce could do the same.



Dr. Bruno Furst, American psychologist and memory expert, claims that he can recall an entire novel at will.



Barry Morse, Toronto TV actor, quickly memorizes long scripts by first reading them aloud: he finds the spoken word easier to remember.

Dr. Joyce Brothers won \$64,000 on a TV quiz through her ability to scan and memorize scores of books on her category, boxing.



Ever since William Hoskins
went across on a bale
of hay it's lured swimmers,
adventurers, even cheats. One
expert says it's the
world's toughest physical test
but more try it every year

What makes them swim the Channel?

BY LAWRENCE EARL

WHEN Marilyn Grace Bell, a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl from Toronto, last summer became the youngest swimmer ever to conquer the English Channel, doubting Thomases in various quarters were quick to declare that this merely proved something they had known all along: too much fuss had been made for too many years over an athletic feat that amounted quite literally to child's play.

Following the Canadian girl's success, a Mr. G. C. Norman wrote a letter to the editor of the London Daily Telegraph, saying: "Can anybody explain to me why so many find it necessary to swim the English Channel every summer? Any professional athlete could do it, with training and practice. I could do it myself—if I could swim."

Doubtless Mr. Norman's face, and those of his fellow skeptics, turned an embarrassed red last October when *Lancet*, the august British medical journal, called Channel swimming "possibly the greatest feat of endurance in the world of sport," adding that from nine thousand to fifteen thousand calories were expended in each successful swim, depending on the time taken.

This scientific judgment leaves Marilyn Bell with all her honors intact as number thirty-one in the Channel Swimming Association's official list of thirty-seven persons they say have swum the 21-mile-wide strip of tideswept water since it was first attempted in 1872. It should be kept in mind, however, that the CSA automatically lists a successful swim only when one of the Association's official observers has witnessed it. If no CSA man is present when a swim is made, the Channel victory is recorded in their books provided the swimmer applies to them for recognition, and with proof they consider satisfactory. Many neglect to apply.

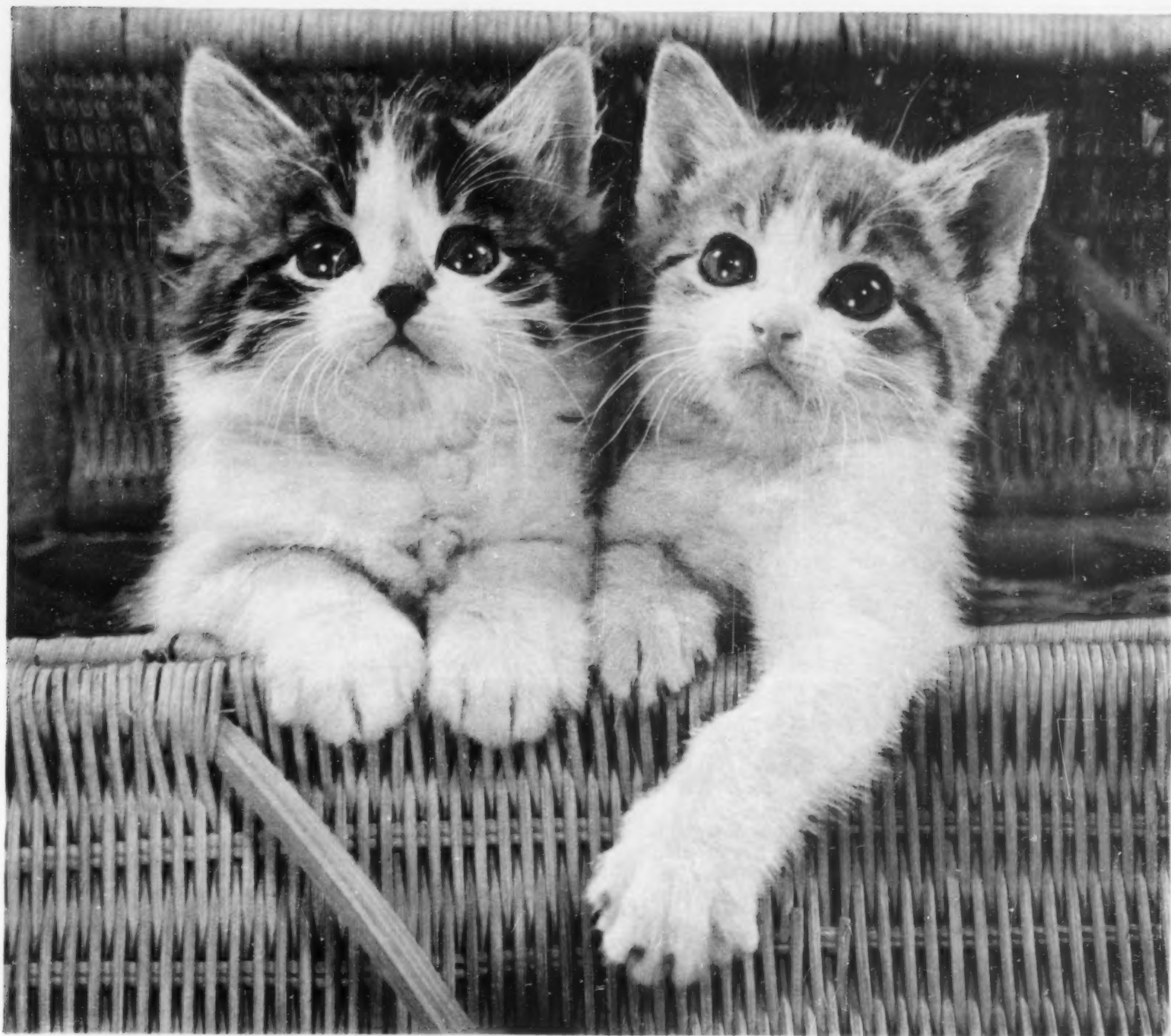
Thus, in the past eighty years, according to unofficial estimates, upward of four hundred tries have been made by long-distance hopefuls from all over the world, and ninety-five of these have claimed they crossed from shore to shore, among them Mrs. Winnie Roach Leuszler, a twenty-five-year-old Canadian mother of three. Although no CSA observer saw

Continued on page 51



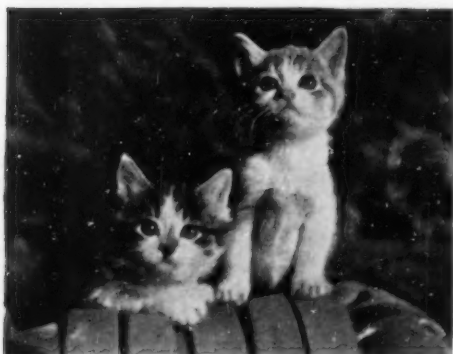
Grease-coated Mrs. Willi Croes Van Rijssel gets ready for her second Channel attempt.

... She failed both times but in eighty years ninety-five others have made it.



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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

Patterns: Everett Sloane, an icy-blooded tycoon, cracks a taunting whip over his high-priced executives. Like last year's *Marty*, this was a well-acclaimed television drama before being adapted (and somewhat expanded) for the theatrical screen. Author Rod Serling's message about the philosophy of big-business warriors remains a little unclear at the finish, but the story of top-brass tensions in an industrial empire offers much that is absorbing to an audience. Sloane, Ed Begley as his rugged but crumbling second-in-command and Van Heflin as a perplexed newcomer are prominent in the fine cast.

An Alligator Named Daisy: An amiable but cluttered farce from Britain, intermittently amusing.

Autumn Leaves: Forsaking her usual hellcat role, Joan Crawford is often quite convincing as a bleak spinster whose bridal joy turns to despair after she discovers that her dashing young husband (Cliff Robertson) is a dangerous neurotic. A soap opera, better than average, with Canada's Lorne Greene, a silky villain, as our girl's ruthless father-in-law.

Johnny Concho: In spite of some artsy-crafty touches in the direction and camerawork, Frank Sinatra's first western turns out to be a recommendable off-beat specimen. His role is that of a sneering little punk whose dominant authority vanishes as soon as his gunfighter brother has stopped a fatal bullet.

A Town Like Alice: A long and grueling drama (based on facts) about the torments of a group of British women and children during an endless forced march across Malaya while the Japanese were giving the orders. Rating: fair.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Alexander the Great: Spectacle. Fair.
Anything Goes: Musical. Good.
Backlash: Western. Fair.
The Benny Goodman Story: Jazz music-biography. Good.
The Big Knife: Drama. Good.
The Birds & the Bees: Comedy. Fair.
Bottom of the Bottle: Drama. Fair.
Carousel: Music-drama. Good.
Cash on Delivery: Comedy. Poor.
Cockleshell Heroes: War drama. Good.
Come Next Spring: Drama. Good.
The Conqueror: Historical melodrama. Fair.
The Court Jester: Comedy. Excellent.
The Creature Walks Among Us: Science-fiction adventure. Fair.
Crime in the Streets: Drama. Poor.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.
Diabolique: Horror mystery. Good.
Forbidden Planet: Science fiction. Good.
Geordie: Scottish comedy. Good.
Guys and Dolls: Musical. Excellent.
The Harder They Fall: Drama. Good.
Hot Blood: Gypsy drama. Fair.
I'll Cry Tomorrow: Drama. Good.
The Indian Fighter: Western. Fair.
Invasion of the Body Snatchers: Science fiction. Fair.
Jubal: Western drama. Good.
The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.
The Last Hunt: Western. Good.

Let's Make Up: Fantasy-musical. Poor.
The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit: War-and-business drama. Good.
The Man Who Knew Too Much: Crime and suspense. Excellent.
The Man Who Never Was: Espionage thriller. Excellent.
Meet Me in Las Vegas: Comedy with music and ballet. Excellent.
Never Say Goodbye: Drama. Fair.
Picnic: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Prisoner: Drama. Excellent.
Quentin Durward: Adventure. Good.
Ransom! Suspense drama. Good.
Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.
The Rose Tattoo: Comedy-drama. Good.
The Scarlet Hour: Melodrama. Fair.
The Searchers: Western. Fair.
Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.
The Swan: Romantic comedy. Excellent.
The Tender Trap: Comedy. Good.
Three Bad Sisters: Drama. Poor.
Three Stripes in the Sun: Comedy-drama. Good.
Touch and Go: Comedy. Good.
Trial: Drama. Excellent.
Tribute to a Bad Man: Western. Good.
The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
World Without End: Fantasy. Fair.



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... a bucket scoops up and loads material into trucks



... a road shoulder is maintained in half the usual time

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PRESTO



London Letter continued from page 4

Aboard the yacht the miners sang, Lady Docker did a dance, but dowager duchesses only sniffed

up with the Dockers' bill for the evening which was just under one hundred pounds. When later on Sir Bernard and his wife wanted to play in the gambling salon three attendants stood across the doorway with their arms folded. But Lady Docker ducked under their arms, played roulette and emerged triumphantly (in principle), having lost forty pounds. To end this introduction, let it be put on record that there was no litigation on either side and, in fact, the Dockers not only resumed their affiliation with Monte Carlo but were prominent guests at the marriage of Grace Kelly, where, indeed, Lady Docker wrote some pungent articles for the press.

At this point you may be wondering why I should be writing about two of the idle rich in Maclean's. Let me assure you that although they are rich they are anything but idle. In fact, there is hardly a week that the London press does not carry a paragraph or even a splash story about their activities.

Adventures of a knight

Sir Bernard is in every sense a man of substance. He is chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Co., chairman of the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon Co. Ltd., and a director of the Midland Bank. His services to industry are of such an importance that he was created a Knight of the British Empire, which is a very high order indeed.

But mixed with his business acumen is a streak of romanticism which leads him into strange adventures. It was probably this romanticism which led to his marriage in 1933 to Jeanne Stuart, a pretty, likeable actress on the London stage. He was thirty-five and his bride was twenty-two.

Jeanne Stuart was popular, lovely to look at and a pleasant companion but not endowed with much talent as an actress. I am sorry to report that the marriage had a short run—only six months. Therefore we can bow Miss Stuart out of this narrative by stating that, after a lapse of time, she married Baron Eugene Rothschild at the baron's estate in Locust Valley, Long Island, and has lived happily ever since.

For sixteen years Sir Bernard lived a bachelor with all the misery and freedom that state holds for man. Then he married again, and the real saga of the Dockers began.

We cannot keep industrial Birmingham out of this story because Lady Docker was a pretty and vivacious daughter of that industrial city who earned her living as a secretary until she married a businessman of substance, Clement Callingham. Unfortunately, he died in 1945, leaving nearly one hundred and eighty thousand pounds. There was a son of the marriage who is now at Harrow, the same swagger school that Sir Bernard attended.

But our heroine was never intended for a lonely widowhood. Therefore, in the course of time she married another industrialist, Sir William Collins, and thus became her ladyship.

Yet she was bereaved again. Sir William left one million pounds (less

heavy death duties) and, for the second time, the pretty blond daughter of Birmingham wore the sombre clothes of grief.

Two years passed by and then there came the announcement that Sir Bernard Docker, the man of affairs, was to marry the widowed Lady Collins. Not only was it a romance but it was a Birmingham epic since both of them had big interests in that capital of British industrialism.

But no longer was Birmingham to contain the activities of our heroine. She advanced upon London determined to conquer. She was rich, she was lively and she was a rebel. Not for her the stuffy week-end house parties in the country or the stage box at a charity theatrical performance. She was going to be her own dramatist and her own leading actress.

In fact, she became the most photographed woman in the café aristocracy. At a charity ball for variety artists she auctioned dolls, a large panda, boxes of cigars and such things, and when it was over she told the assembled guests that they were the meanest crowd she had ever met.

"Nobody would do anything," she told the gossip columnists. "The bidding was nearly all from my husband or myself."

Incident followed incident. At the Café de Paris she stormed out during the singing of Marlene Dietrich because the socialist MP, Mrs. E. M. Braddock, who was introducing Dietrich, wore a plain worsted two-piece on the dance floor level. When the reporters asked her why she had kicked up a row, she answered that day clothes were acceptable in the gallery but the strict rule on the dance floor was evening dress. "I was very annoyed," she said, "and I left."

A little later she wrote an article for a London newspaper entitled *How I Make Ends Meet*. She stated that her annual dress bill was three thousand pounds, that her new swimming pool cost forty thousand pounds and that their yacht swallowed up fifteen thousand pounds a year.

Hardly had London recovered from this candid outburst when the Dockers hit the headlines by going down a mine to the coal face. More photographs! More controversy!

But they were not finished with coal. The miners, whom they had visited, were invited to come aboard her yacht and have a real bang-up party. There was good food, good spirits and general high jinks. The miners sang choruses, and Lady Docker did a dance.

Society, or what is left of it, raised its nose and its eyebrows. The dowager duchesses drank their tea and thanked whatever gods there be that they were not as Lady Docker. As for this party for miners on board the yacht—Tut! Tut!

Lady Docker's comment to a gossip columnist was: "We always keep a strong watch on the afterdeck to repel boarders and gate-crashers. In this way we keep clear of the debris of De-brett's." (The point being that De-brett's is the official volume of titled people and landed gentry.)

But the Dockers were not content with a yacht. They commissioned a specially designed Daimler motor car

which was of such magnificence that it stole the headlines at the motor show. "It is enough to turn people into Communists," snorted the suburbanites. Sir Bernard's comment was that it gave the skilled worker a chance to prove that Britain could beat the world when it came to a luxury motor car.

Headlines and more headlines. The Dockers seemed to be fighting an unending battle with the columnists. At last Sir Bernard decided to answer his detractors. In a large-circulation magazine he wrote an article under the heading, *It's My Money*.

His argument was that the newspapers only mentioned him when he and his wife were enjoying recreation. "Rarely," he wrote, "do I see equal space devoted to Bernard Docker the businessman whose work is not limited to an eight-hour shift but who sleeps just below the board room within reach, wherever he is, night and day—week ends as well—of a telephone which rarely lets many hours pass without presenting the problems of an industry employing thousands. Such is life—or such are the vagaries of news values. I suppose I must not complain, for in the past few months people have read about another Bernard Docker—the campaigner against wasteful government expenditure."

That is quite true. With courage and logic he has denounced the wastefulness of government spending. But can Lorenzo the Magnificent be the mouthpiece of austerity? Can Docker, the spender, preach the necessity of saving?

Since the Kelly-Rainier wedding where, as I stated earlier, the Dockers were much in the headlines, they seem to have retired from public view. Lady Docker has not insulted a gossip writer for nearly a month, nor has she hit the headlines. But something tells me that she has not gone to ground.

Cinderella set the pattern

What is she really like? The only time I have talked to her was in the cathedral atmosphere of a cricket match at Lord's. Her voice was soft, she seemed rather shy and the conversation could not have been more conventional if it had taken place in the British Museum.

Perhaps the answer to the riddle is that she has a sense of mission. Where other women spend money lavishly and blush to find it fame, she looks on extravagance as a form of self-expression and a declaration of human rights.

In fact her life story is patterned on the Cinderella theme, except that instead of marrying a royal prince she has married three princes of industry.

But what lies ahead for the Dockers? They must grow weary of the café aristocracy and the feud with the gossip writers. They must grow weary of seeing their names in print, although publicity can be a heady wine. Yet I cannot see them forsaking the town and retiring to the country. Was it not Oscar Wilde who said that the country was a healthy grave?

But what about Westminster? Nancy Astor sat for years in the House of Commons and, at times, almost transformed it into a garden party in Virginia. Therefore it would not surprise us if Lady Docker should run as a socialist, providing some constituency would adopt her.

No one can deny her quality of consistency. In regard to money, she has had the courage to put into words what a great many women feel but lack the courage to admit.

Thus she has gained a passing immortality, even if there must be moments when she feels like echoing Macbeth: "Out, out, brief candle!" ★



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M A C

"It seemed to me that Ottawa, supposedly the mirror of Canada, had become a clouded glass"

months before, when a summer dawn was breaking over Champlain's river, I had beheld the familiar tangle of towers afloat in a mist of green. Now, when winter was dying fast and spring waited to be born, the Hill stood solid and white above the river like a wedding cake of intricate design. Its towers were rimmed with hoarfrost and dripped massive icicles. New snow had lightly dusted the bronze shoulders of many a statesman's statue. And, looming high over all its rivals, the thin finger of the Peace Tower pointed sternly at a sky of blue steel.

In any season since I first saw it as a scared cub reporter thirty-six years ago, the great tower makes me pause a moment in humility—not because it is a masterpiece of architecture but because it has caught in its lean sinewy lines an image of the Canadian land, its harsh beauty, its distance, its loneliness.

I paused also to read again those proud words graven over the front door: "The wholesome sea is at her gates, her gates both east and west." In my youth they had meant little to me. As an old man I read them with new wonder, perhaps new comprehension, and with memories of ships and men on two seacoasts.

"What does it stand for?"

Then, as I stepped into the circular anteroom where a tree of stone spreads its carved branches in voluptuous Gothic groining, I encountered a woman, evidently an American tourist, with two small boys at her heels. She was gazing upward at the roof of a petrified forest made by man and it seemed to puzzle her.

"It's grand," she informed me. "Not as big as the Capitol in Washington, you know, but prettier. Tell me, what does it stand for? We know what Washington means to us. What does this mean to you?"

I couldn't tell her. No one has yet articulated the meaning of Canada or of its mighty granite symbol in Ottawa. I suspected, indeed, that the question had lately become more difficult to answer than ever. It seemed to me that Ottawa, supposedly the image and mirror of Canada, had become a very clouded glass.

Here, in a combined hothouse, whispering gallery and Delphic oracle, some honest, competent and average Canadians were governing more than fifteen million of their fellow citizens. I could not believe, after seeing the Canadian folk for myself—in fishing villages, factory towns, farmers' kitchens, professors' studies and mountain cabins—that Ottawa, with all its cunning, had sensed the true inward motion of the nation's mind.

Something strange, nameless and profound, is moving in Canada. It cannot be heard, seen or named but it can be felt—a kind of whisper from far away, a rustle as of wind in prairie poplars, a river's deep murmuring in the night or the shuffle of footsteps in a midnight street. No sound at all, only a sense of motion.

Something moves as it has never moved before in this land; moves dumbly, almost subconsciously, yet in sure direction, increasing momentum and stubborn strength; moves less in

the mind than in the hidden runnels of a people's instinct. Sometimes by thought, more often by instinct, Canadians are discovering themselves.

That passion of discovery that once sent birch-bark canoes down unmapped rivers, pushed railways across the Rockies and dragged men to the frozen sea, now turns inward to explore a darker terrain. The nation labors in the travail of self-discovery and, by this labor, proves that it is in truth a nation, inhabited by a people.

The land, beyond man's few scratches and winking lights, is as it always was from the beginning and will be to the end. A traveler sees the same eastern river that Cartier saw, the black rock of the Frenchmen's first Habitation, the cold, metallic lakes, the rounded stone of the Shield, the big prairie sky, the mountains, the western jungle and all that splendor, mystery and surmise that his fathers knew. Only the people are changing; or, unchanged, are finding themselves.

They build cities and spread concrete where grass grew yesterday. They drop towns upon the barrens from airplanes, cut the Arctic skyline with smokestacks, bore through prehistoric forests for oil and turn the waters of the continent from their ageless courses. Yet all this ravenous pursuit and prodigious toil of three centuries could mean little until we found ourselves.

The primary question of Canadian life—and the towers of Ottawa seemed to ask it like urgent question marks—always has been whether anything lay here to find, any separate and valid quality of our own, any native substance to justify a nation.

Returning to Ottawa, I felt, though I could not prove it, that the old question had been answered at last—answered by the unknown people of whom the great towns, the great names, the capital itself and all the known things are only the lengthened shadow and noisy reverberation.

The people have sensed, even if Ottawa has not, the most decisive event in the nation's history, unnoticed when it came to pass, undated and still only half understood. In these last twenty years at most, probably in ten, we have crossed the grand portage of our life when no man saw the crossing. We crossed it blindly in the darkness and left no stone or milepost to mark our passage.

Until then the foreigner might predict, and the Canadian suspect, that a nation or the semblance of a nation stretched in ragged shreds and lumpy clusters across four thousand miles could not long endure beside a larger, richer and stronger nation. No more can its endurance be doubted. The stuff of permanent life has been found.

Where found? In the politics of Ottawa? In sudden prosperity, expanding business, higher living standards and all the resounding clamor of the big boom? Not there. No great thing was ever found there.

Look into the eyes of the nameless Canadians, listen to their casual talk and shy hints, ask some fisherman by his boat, some farmer in his field, what he is thinking about Canada and you will always get the same answer in different words and accents, even in different languages.

The Canadian whose father thought

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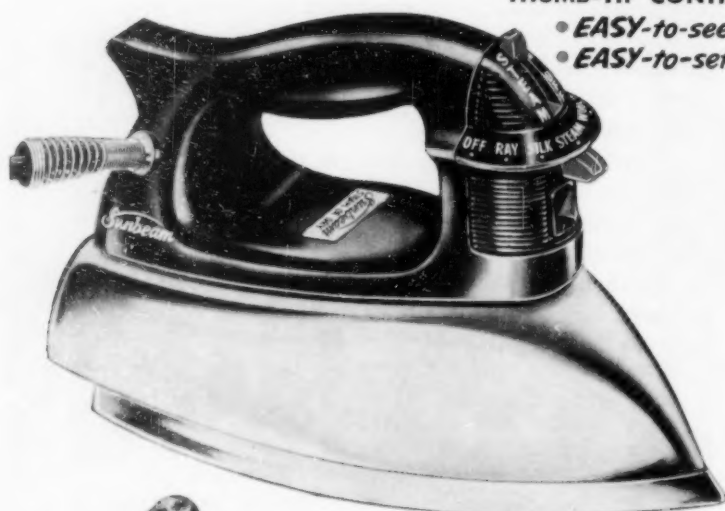
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of Canada as a spiritual dependency of some other power is thinking of it now as a nation. The nation is diverse, confused of mind and not yet fully shaped, but it is essentially whole, cognate, organic, and the Canadian knows, better than his father knew, that he belongs to it and no other.

Historians tell us that a negative force, a mere reaction against the American Revolution, fertilized the Canadian ovum in the beginning. My wanderings had convinced me that a positive, centripetal force of some sort was now at work. For lack of better words, we can call it only the will to build something of our own, a home-made dream.

But the thing we are building is not what most of us suppose. It certainly is not the thing specified in the blueprints of Ottawa, proclaimed in the debates of parliament or shouted in the slogans of politics.

Nevertheless, it is in Ottawa that the total process must be examined because here it is centralized and managed. Here, I mean, all the conflicting forces of our life come into naked collision; and here, by the odd process called politics, they are tamed, reconciled and compromised before they can split the nation and end the dream.

There are two Ottawas, of course, the cozy, rather provincial Ontario town built by Colonel By on a river cliff and the separate kingdom of the Hill.

When Goldwin Smith, that complacent and erring prophet, announced that Ottawa was a "subarctic lumber-village converted by royal mandate into a political cockpit," he did not foresee either the Canadian nation or its present capital.

When Laurier remarked that "it is hard to say anything good" of Ottawa and that "it is not a handsome city and does not appear destined to become one either," he did not foresee the Ontario town now spread miles beyond his Sandy Hill, the majestic Chateau named for him, the avenue of costly architecture marching upstream toward the Chaudière, the spacious driveways, the prime minister's stately residence, the evensong of the carillon bells, the still finer city planned for the future.

To be sure, the narrow and dingy defile of Sparks Street remains much as Laurier knew it. His own ugly house is preserved intact as a monument to Mackenzie King. The industrial skyline and smoke of Hull spoil the whole civic design. Some surviving slums still crawl close to the business section. The Hill outwardly is little changed. Everything else is changed—the men, the ideas, the machinery of power.

Ottawa, the Ontario town, lives its own life outside the stone walls of the Hill, is no more interested than any other town in the adventures of statecraft, is more concerned with the adventures of Mayor Charlotte Whitton (because she is more interesting, unpredictable and louder than government and Opposition combined), with the growth pains of a community already bursting at the seams and with its lovely playground in the Gatineau Hills.

That ubiquitous pundit, I. Norman Smith, may write a penetrating political column in the Journal, but Ottawa will much prefer his latest report on a woodpecker that has been damaging the trees of Rockcliffe. The Ottawa papers print less parliamentary news than those of Montreal or Winnipeg.

Ottawa, the capital, on the other hand, is a town within a town, a structure purely political, a perpetual public debate, an endless private con-

versation piece, sometimes an unpleasant intrigue and always, like any capital, a ravenous struggle for power.

This struggle flows down two parallel streams seldom touching.

A social struggle (its banner the stuffed shirt, its diet the cocktail and canapé) neatly laminates Ottawa in concentric rings of power, ranging from foreign ambassadors, cabinet ministers, deputy ministers, high officials and down to the humblest clerk.

A struggle for real power in a tight hierarchy, almost a priesthood, radiates out of the cabinet chamber into parliament and thence into every electoral constituency and remote hamlet of the nation.

No stranger is likely to understand this inner struggle, for it is conducted in secret by the accepted rules, except when some player breaks them and a public unpleasantness occurs.

The stranger sees only the formal postures, the ritual dance and stylized counterpoint of parliamentary speeches, quibbles of debate, family jokes and little triumphs rarely noticed beyond the walls. This game behind the scenes is played for the most part fairly, fiercely and for keeps. It is played on the Hill all day and at night in many an unknown house of politician, civil servant or journalist where a casual gathering at a buffet supper may alter the whole course of national events.

The game is played by players nearly all honest and usually poor—more honest, I believe, than the average man of business and invariably poorer—by an intimate society that abhors Ottawa's social life, calls its eminent members by their first names and knows from hour to hour what is happening in the cabinet. Of all capitals Ottawa, in the true regions of power, must be the most democratic, folksy

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"St. Laurent isn't the man the public supposes. He's a much better man and a lesser politician"

and unpretentious of our era.

As a frequent resident and shameless lover of Ottawa I returned, not to disparage the ritual of the Hill but to identify the real forces of national life deployed here. They are not easy to identify since in recent years they have been completely reoriented. I knew at least that the glass of Ottawa, if temporarily clouded, must generally reflect the whole landscape of the nation, as a drop of water on a twig reflects in tiny microcosm the sky and land around it.

The most accurate mirrors of the Canadian folk are the political parties though each, of course, maintains its own angle of refraction. The party is essential to the democratic process, yet no institution is so little understood and so often slandered.

John W. Daffoe once wrote that "parties, in reality, are organized states within the state . . . and their reason for existence is to clothe themselves with the powers, functions and glory of the state which they control . . . A government well entrenched in office can usually outstay its welcome by one term of office."

That definition, written in 1922, is relevant and accurate today. As Daffoe would be the first to see, the essential structure of a party may remain unchanged but the thinking of all Canadian parties has been disrupted in an epoch of world-wide revolution and the natural balance between them destroyed.

Every party pretends to be united, homogenous and sure of its policies. Actually it is always split, heterogeneous and inconsistent as it must be in a divided nation; is not, indeed, a party at all but a coalition of parties constantly at war within itself and by this warfare secretly compromising its conflicts, readjusting and frequently reversing its policies, which are then paraded as unalterable, lifelong convictions.

The coalition called a party may do these things primarily for self-preservation but it accurately interprets the changing public will, it smooths the clashes of a divided society, blunts the sharp edges of geographic and class dissension and laboriously builds a policy pleasing to nobody but tolerable to a majority. Ottawa, with its party system, is the laboratory wherein the social atom is rearranged before it can explode.

At the apex of the party stands the cabinet—at present a coalition of St. Laurent and Howe, with subsidiary parcels of power, heirs to the long coalition of King and Lapointe—and it maintains the polite fiction of solidarity while, like all cabinets and all parties, it is in a state of disagreement, tension and compromise. This divided posture, provided it can wear a reasonable outer look of unity, is normal and healthy.

There is nothing normal or healthy about the party system in Canada today. It has been in disrepair ever since King won the election of 1935, wrecked the Conservative Party, lunged leftwards, swallowed up the socialist movement, seized the central position and, advancing like a quiet juggernaut, drove his enemies to the barren margins of the highway.

King's triumph gave his party an unprecedented term of power but broke the natural rhythm of the party system. He was powerfully aided, of course, by the Conservatives' curious

death-wish and plain bad luck. The halls of Ottawa have long echoed, as one acute observer remarks, "with the thunder of Opposition feet rushing to the rescue of the government."

At all events, no government in human history has ever had it so good for so long as the regime of King and St. Laurent, mainly because the public saw no adequate alternative. The next year will be important in producing, or failing to produce, that alternative.

If both parties have been completely changed in men and ideas during the last two decades, what surprised me most, on returning to Ottawa, was the change in the St. Laurent government. Built on the personality of its leader, it changes with him. And the leader is getting old.

St. Laurent was never the man the public supposed. He was a much better man and a lesser politician than the figure of the legend. No finer gentle-

Row X, Seat 27

I'm the fellow who pays
To watch players cavort—
No athletics for me,
I'm a spectator sport
Who, some say, will grow soft
And won't even feel keen,
Yet I exercise more
Than some shortstops I've seen,
What with standing in line,
The ascent to my seat
And the journey back down
To get something to eat.

LOYD ROSENFELD

man, I dare say, ever held office in any country, no Canadian has enjoyed such personal popularity, but events are proving that St. Laurent, a far more admirable human being than his mentor, lacks King's political genius. That lack is now beginning to show.

No one in Ottawa believes the dual public portrait of the prime minister—a tough corporation lawyer and a simple peasant named Uncle Louie—since obviously he is neither. No colleague really knows him since, under his irresistible charm, he is a solitary man who never gives his full mind to the cabinet.

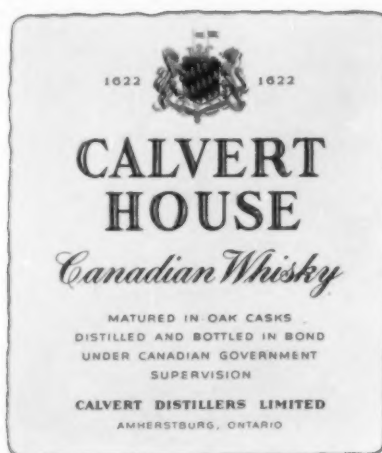
He has every gift of the gods except the gift of political imagination. He has given Canada able government. He has given it no new ideas. Inheriting the legacy of King, loosely called the welfare state, he has simply filled out the master's blueprint. His is an administrative not a creative mind. All his success has been built not on genius but on a shining integrity trusted by friend, opponent and voter. Everyone likes him. No one hates him as King was hated.

The chiseled patrician face, the black sparkling eye, the Anglo-Saxon common sense, the French humor, gaiety and courtliness have combined to make a folk image, almost a father image. They did not make a master politician. As an old friend of both men describes them, "King was a professional, long trained in the game and loving it. St. Laurent is an amateur who really doesn't like the game at all but succeeded miraculously on character, brains and luck. With the public his amateur standing is his biggest asset."

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touch and a transparent honesty were equipment enough to maintain the party in office and consolidate the social revolution launched by King.

Today society is moving on again. New ideas will be needed and they must come from the younger men of the Liberal Party, or of some other party.

Today St. Laurent is feeling his first baptism by fire as the Conservative Party shows unmistakable signs of recovery. He will feel fire with increasing heat and force before the next year is out. Events more than the

Opposition are generating that fire. The most interesting human question in contemporary Ottawa is whether St. Laurent can endure it.

He did not expect to endure it, intended to retire before the 1953 election, was persuaded to stay, sought release again in 1955 and again yielded to the desperate entreaty of his friends. As he was able to reconcile his famous rift with Howe on the gas pipeline issue and pacify that angry titan, the coalition survived—not without serious damage.

What has happened to the coalition

was explained to me by one who saw the inner drama from the front row: "The cabinet as it stands today is split between two generations. On top you have St. Laurent, Howe and Gardiner, the older generation. Under it is the new generation of Pearson, Harris, Martin, Pickersgill, Winters and the rest.

"The Old Man gets along fine with the youngsters and they adore him. Howe regards them with the genial contempt of a mastiff among a lot of frisky poodles. And they never get out of bed in the morning without wonder-

ing what bombshell Howe will drop before nightfall. As for Gardiner—a rather lovable little guy underneath the wooden-Indian act—he doesn't bother to get along with anybody.

"This cabinet is personally friendlier than most, but it's become a contest between age and youth. King could have managed it all right before he got old. Has St. Laurent, at his age, the energy to manage it? Answer that and you have the answer to the future of the next few years."

No one can answer that except St. Laurent himself. But no one can pretend that in the year preceding the spring of 1955 St. Laurent was leading, dominating and reconciling his cabinet as in his earlier years. His energies have appeared in fits and starts. Between them the government has committed a series of political blunders, perhaps not serious in themselves but gravely damaging in politics. By the time this is printed St. Laurent may have recovered his old touch. He will need it and all his unequalled platform magic in 1957.

Whatever happens in next year's election, the Liberal Party, run by only two men since 1919, must soon undergo the shaking process of complete reorganization at the top. The new generation, in government or Opposition, will take over.

The successorship to St. Laurent, though it may be delayed for a few years, is the Liberal Party's most urgent future business and the most popular parlor game in Ottawa. A dark horse like Marler may emerge but as of now only Pearson and Harris are seriously considered in the Liberal hierarchy.

"Mike never tells about Mike"

Pearson's popularity and talent are so evident, most Canadians are so proud of him as our first international statesman of stature that an outsider may suppose there can be no doubt about his choice at the next convention. Nevertheless, there is some doubt.

Many of the hierarchs regard Pearson's eminence in foreign affairs as a liability. He knows, they say, all about the world and has bearded the Communists in their den, but he has never learned to build a political fence in the back concessions.

"Besides," says one of his friends, "Mike is hard to get close to. For all his boyishness and perpetual youth, this man is deep, solitary and lonely. He always seems to tell you everything with an indiscretion that reminds you of King. But afterwards, like King, he leaves you suddenly realizing that he's told you everything except the thing you want to know. He never tells you about Mike Pearson."

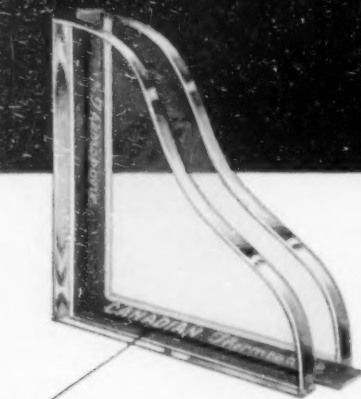
"Maybe that's an essential quality in a prime minister. Anyway, Mike has one big asset apart from his talents: he's been so busy with foreign affairs that he's not associated with controversial issues at home. He can start with a clean slate."

Harris appeals to professionals as the politicians' politician. He is also a young man of high honor, inexhaustible energy and lovable nature. If he lacks Pearson's imagination and flair, his rise in so short a time is an extraordinary triumph of sheer industry and homework. If his mind is not flashing, it is meticulous, tidy and unruffled. If he sometimes has trouble in making it up, he has a keen sense of social pressures and, like King, a passion for politics as a profession, a hobby and a sole interest, twenty-four hours a day.

The personal abilities of these men do not disguise the nature of the Liberal Party's current dilemma—it has run out of ideas. Considering that



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it has managed a great war and a peaceful revolution, the fallow period after such a harvest is not surprising. One eminent Liberal put it this way: "Everything we promised to do from the beginning has been done, or soon will be—an entirely new system of managing money and hence the economy, old-age pensions, children's allowances, the defense program, now health insurance and the fastest growth in wealth and population of any country in the world. The blueprint of 1943 is filled out. Where do we go from here?"

The same depletion of ideas affects the Conservatives. Both parties once were anchored to fairly clear-cut principles, suited to an existing society. As society has fundamentally changed, the old principles grow increasingly irrelevant and the parties anchorless. No one can define what Liberalism or Conservatism means today.

Liberalism, which used to yearn, in theory at least, for laissez faire and the glories of the automatic market is managing the national economy from Ottawa as it was never managed before. Conservatism, whose historic purpose was to put the brake of reason and order on social evolution, has rushed headlong to the left, is promising more governmental interference in society and more public spending than the government.

Still, the politicians are doing better on unmapped territory than we usually admit. Under either party they have given us better government than most countries ever enjoy. Their success may not be apparent on the face of parliament but one must remember that parliament, like any democratic legislature, wears a public mask.

The Hill holds two parliaments, public and private. The public parliament and its quarrels are reported, indifferently, in the press. The private parliament of human beings is singularly free of quarrels and seldom reported.

Public enemies are often close friends in the politicians' private club and trade union. The ferocious Drew of the front bench turns out at dinner time to be a rather diffident fellow, almost painfully shy. Gardiner, reaching for the enemy's jugular all afternoon, becomes in the evening smoke room a mordant humorist who can laugh at the government and himself (and occasionally dance a skilled hornpipe). Coldwell, the red-hot radical of public print, is an old-fashioned country gentleman of conservative instincts and peculiar delicacy.

As in all democracies, power is flowing out of parliament into the executive until, as one deceased public servant of eminence used to say, "Parliament has retained no power but death sentence on the government, and never uses it."

The executive must increasingly dominate the legislature when society demands more and more money, service and management from government. Besides, our recent parliaments have been unnecessarily weakened by the breakdown of the party balance and by the absence of parliamentary giants like King, Lapointe and Meighen. "We have," says one old hand, "no parliamentarians, only competent mechanics, and oratory has become a dirty word."

Since men live by feelings and not by logic, by myths not mathematics, we need leaders who can articulate our subconscious, supply the cement of emotion and give a home and habitation to airy nothings, the vital somethings in any nation. When Chubby Power went to the Senate no such man was left in the House of Commons.

Only great issues ever bring parlia-

ment fully to life and reveal the greatness of its members. We have lacked such issues since the conscription crisis of 1944, but they will rise again in due time to test parliament's true quality.

While the dingy Victorian cabinet chamber has always been the fulcrum of our affairs, the old sources of power have altered with the society they govern.

Theoretically the cabinet majority makes policy. Practically, policy is what the prime minister says it is, if necessary in disregard of the majority, for his veto is absolute. Within the

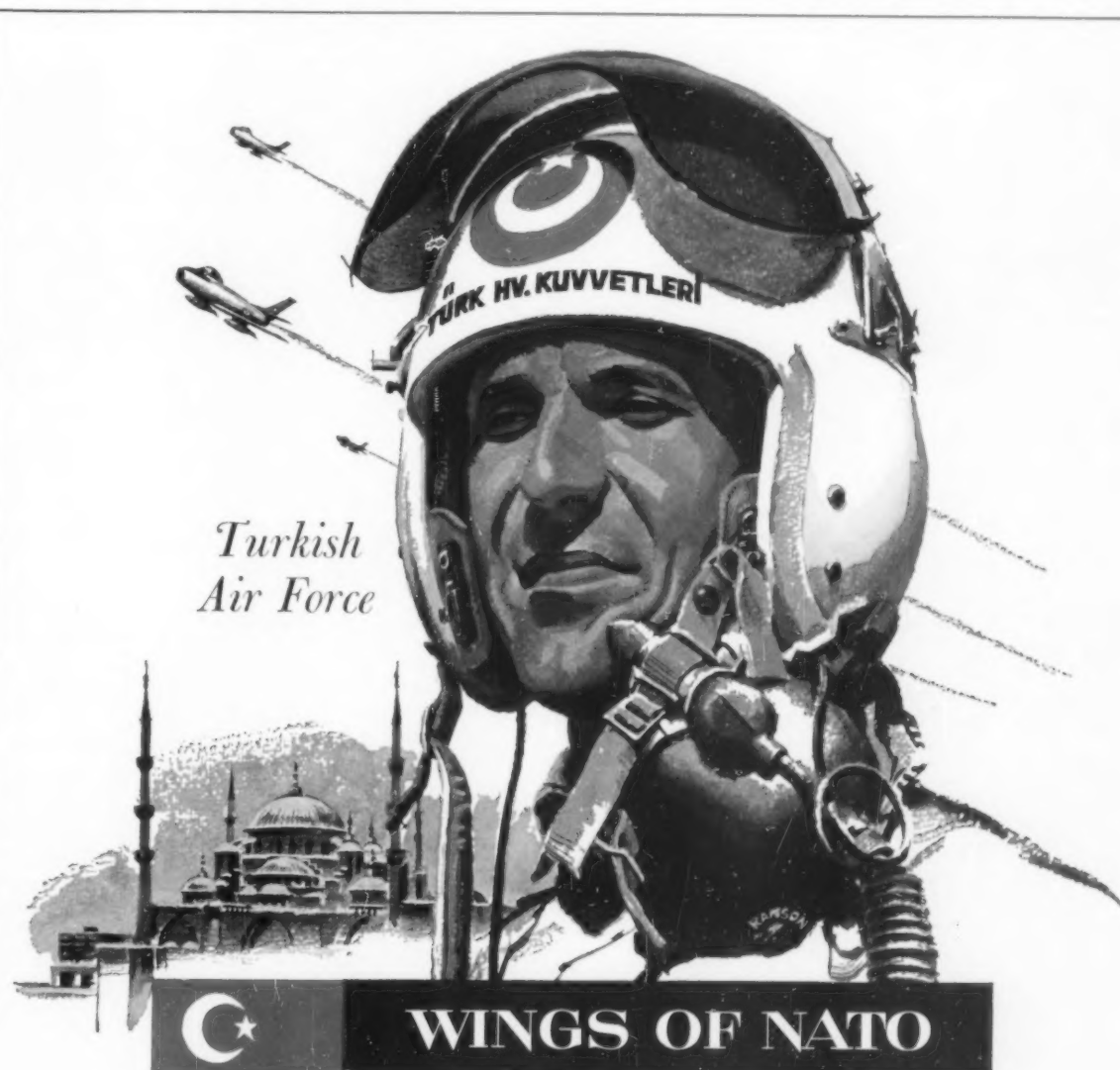
policy thus made a minister is sovereign over his own department if he is a strong man, or a mere prisoner of his deputy if he is weak. Everything depends on the man. For example, Pickersgill, coming from a small province, is a primary cabinet power. (It would be too unkind to mention the holders of great offices who are only ciphers.)

Usually the men who approve policy and wield power publicly do not invent it. Basic ideas no longer originate for the most part in the cabinet but in the brain trust of a civil service

that is as able as any in the world.

The most serious weakness of the cabinet system in a complex society is that ministers, as one of them confessed to me, have little or no time to think beyond the departmental problem immediately before them. They are sunk in detail and must depend on experts for larger ideas. As a result, power often resides in the most unlikely places, in men little known to the public, in anonymous committees of civil servants.

It would be hard to overestimate the power of such men as Jim Coyne and



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Bob Beattie, of the Bank of Canada, Ken Taylor, of finance, Jules Léger of external affairs, Mitchell Sharp of trade and commerce, Bob Bryce, the Privy Council secretary, or John Deutch, economic jack-of-all-trades. They will never admit it but they are more powerful than most ministers, because they produce the powerful ideas that ministers claim as their own spontaneous inspiration.

These excellent servants of the state, usually underpaid, present us with pretty competent administration—also with certain daunting questions. Those questions brought me back to Ottawa.

First, I asked a man whom I had long trusted to define the true nature of the Canadian society so greatly changed in our time and still changing every day. Naturally, I expected no clear answer, since societies can be fully examined only by the historian's autopsy after they are dead.

"Embalm it in a glass tomb"

"You can be sure of one thing anyway," my friend replied. "The society we live in is not the society we imagine. The socialist pins a capitalist label on it when obviously it's capitalistic by no known definition of the past. The capitalist uses the label of free enterprise or competition, but freedom of enterprise has been drastically reduced by the state, and competition by such devices as tariffs, subsidies and taxes.

"And when the state is managing the whole money system, the wheat industry, our largest railway, the main air lines, radio and television—why, then you can see that capitalism or free enterprise as we knew it twenty years ago is only a historic relic. We really ought to embalm it in a glass tomb as Lenin is embalmed to commemorate a lost Marxism."

Whatever the present system may be called, it is specially distinguished, this authority remarked, by the new concentration and realignment of social power.

"There used to be not long ago," he said, "only three concentrated and organized powers in our society—government, business and agriculture. And they weren't very concentrated either.

"Now you have a situation different not only in size but kind. Four colossi have been organized, concentrated and

equipped as never before to exert power. I mean the state, business, farmers and the labor unions.

"Power used to be geographical, or horizontal, a struggle between regions and zones of interest. Now it is growing more and more vertical. Business, labor unions and farmers in all parts of the country generally stand behind the same objectives. Society thus organized is a battle of the colossi and the individual is almost powerless, except as the member of his group."

The decisive event of our times is not the new distribution of power but the emergence of the planned state.

Less than twenty-five years ago I listened to King argue in parliament against "planning" as if it were the dirtiest word of all and the antithesis of Liberalism. He denounced the whole Keynesian theory of state spending for prosperity, extolled the balanced budget and ridiculed the economics of Roosevelt's New Deal.

By 1935 he was in bed with the planners. The complete reversal of Liberal theory had become respectable, almost commonplace, by 1945 and was enshrined in Howe's forgotten White Paper. The state had underwritten the expanding economy, guaranteed full employment and undertaken to plan the major business of society while neither state nor public knew what this would involve.

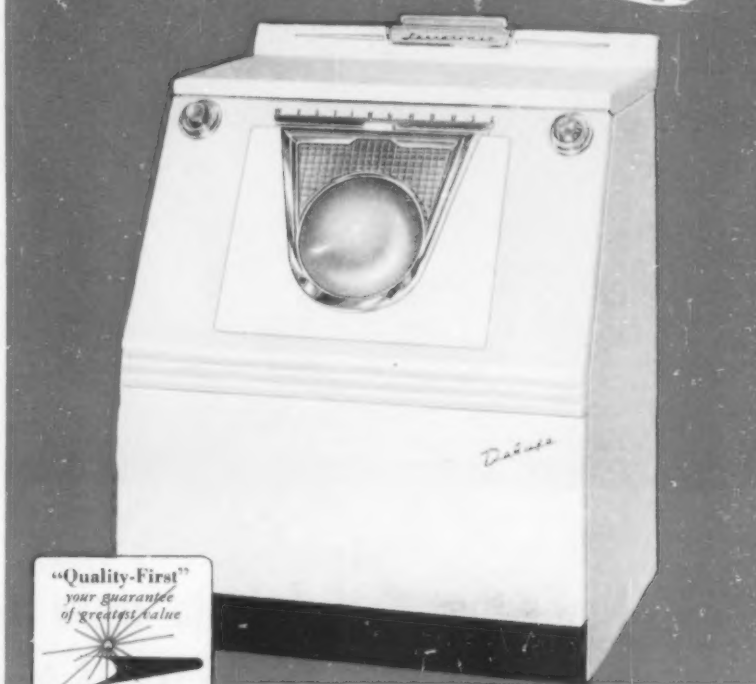
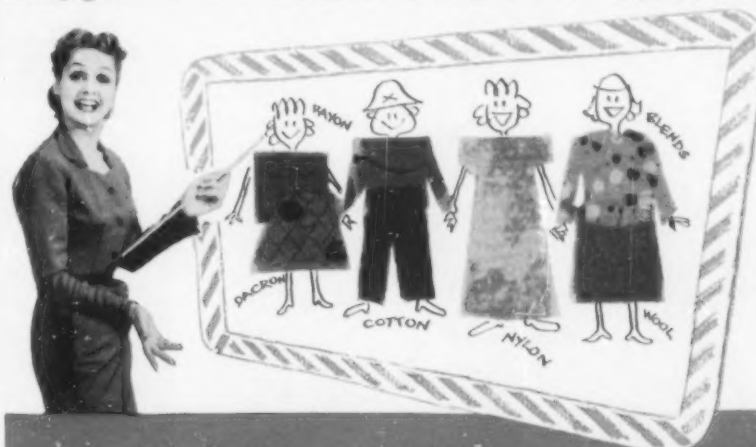
Once the state had possessed the central banking mechanism—that is to say, the management of the credit system usually called money—then a social revolution had been launched without an ounce of bloodshed, or even a bloody nose, and there was no turning back.

"Everything has been smooth and easy so far," one of the leading planners told me. "And why not, in a booming world? We've learned how to spend all right, and by spending, to stimulate the economy. But have we learned how not to spend, how to slow down when necessary to prevent inflation and bust?"

"No economist can tell you because there you're in the realm of politics and that means the realm of public intelligence. Is the public intelligent enough to let this system work or must it smash the machine by overloading it with impossible demands?"

"Are we reaching the point where the least drop in prosperity will push

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the overloaded budget of the state far into deficit, where the state will then finance by inflation, where we'll be in foreign exchange trouble like the British and where then the state, grappling with an unmanageable problem, will have to manage everything?

"Are we merrily on the way to the regimented society while passionately denouncing Communism? No politician will ask that question out loud but a few of them are smart enough to suspect it privately. A good question."

Roughly speaking, Ottawa's thinkers are divided between two schools. The optimists hold that the old business cycle has been finally controlled, that we shall never see another serious depression. The pessimists believe that we have merely cushioned the intermediate shocks within the cycle, which is uncontrollable, and that we cannot possibly escape, from time to time, the downward, like the upward movements of the world economy.

Neither school will deny that our boom has been purchased at the price of almost total dependence on the United States market and, recently, on huge importations of American capital. Selling far less goods to the United States than we buy there, we partially cover the deficit by dollars earned in the world market and, since they are not sufficient, secure the remainder from American investors.

Ottawa's worst nightmare is the possibility of a decline in American investment which could slow the boom, reduce our imports, stimulate inflation by a shortage of goods and pinch our living standard.

The public cannot be expected to understand the intricacies of foreign exchange but, if it lacks economic learning, there is nothing wrong with its folk memory. That memory, as I can testify from my own travels, is working overtime these days.

"In booms people don't think"

The people are disturbed as never before by American penetration into our industries and the fear that our future economic, even our political independence may be in jeopardy. Their fear—ill-informed but instinctive and historic—is rapidly becoming the dominant fact of our national politics.

Ever since Macdonald invented the National Policy, politics have repeatedly split on this old problem. Since the last war the debate, centring around the tariff, has been in suspense because protection is another dirty word in the lexicon of the brave new world.

Now, faintly disguised by various slogans, a latent protectionist pressure is re-emerging with strong support in both political parties. Properly managed by its advocates, it could become the issue of next year's election. If so, the election will be by far the most important of recent times.

At the moment neither party knows exactly where it stands on the oldest issue of our politics. Both are inwardly divided, confused and hesitant. As one of our most eminent elder statesmen remarks, "In times of boom, parties and people don't do much thinking."

Lately the whole atmosphere of Ottawa has changed because the public has suddenly begun to think about the future in long terms and the parties must hurriedly accommodate themselves to a new situation. After two decades of stability under the Liberal Party a new catalyst—or rather the oldest catalyst of our history in a new form—is entering the chemistry of politics. The results (deeply influenced by the Gordon Commission's report) should show themselves next year.

All this inevitably must involve our

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relations with the United States. When Pearson said that those relations could no longer be considered easy and automatic as in earlier, simpler times, he was widely regarded in Canada as indiscreet and, in the United States, as unfriendly. It is evident now that he merely stated a fact of life.

Dropping down to Washington to check my observations in Ottawa, I found American politicians and officials deeply worried by what they call the chip on Canada's shoulder, our lack of gratitude for American co-operation, our prickly pride and foolish fears.

Such feelings, whatever name you give them, are not new; they are among the original facts of Canadian life. In the next few years they will affect, for better or worse, the agenda of rather awkward business now pending between the two friendliest neighbors in the world.

All these problems are part of a much larger problem, hardly glimpsed, much less solved, and common to all democratic countries. I had been keeping my last question for the Ottawa figure whom I trust above all others. What, I asked, is the inner dilemma of all our affairs after you have removed the party labels and pushed your way through the jungle of political clichés? This man replied:

"The only question that matters and comprehends all others is easy to state, impossible to answer. Can the democratic process itself survive in this age of mass production, mass ideas and mass man?"

"The politicians and you writing fellows answer with your pat phrase and well-worn headlines. But the fact is that government has become so complicated that it's now a mystery, more and more detached from the people. They're fobbed off with catchwords and irrelevancies while the real decisions, hardly noticed at the time, are made more and more in secret—not because the politicians are dishonest, but because they can't hope to discuss these things in any language the public can understand.

"In short, the management of society has changed, grown and proliferated too fast for the public to keep up with it. Not some government or some party but the democratic process itself is endangered, in the long run, when the individual counts for almost nothing, the mass counts for everything and the mass isn't yet equipped to understand what's really under way. Can the people catch up with events? That's your real question in Canada and everywhere outside the Iron Curtain. Answer it as you please."

Of course I didn't try to answer it. The answer, I knew, must come not from this Hill but from the people. None of us now alive would be around to hear the answer to anything of importance.

But looking again at the great tower, I thought that it would be here, the carillon would ring out over the river, the changeless face of the clock would register impartially hour by hour the passage of time which cures all things.

As my train pulled out of Ottawa that night I glanced back and saw the clock floating like a minor moon, detached from the earth, against the hard northern sky. Its hands pointed to midnight. Dawn would soon be breaking on Canada's eastern coast. It was early evening on the Pacific.

No single theory, no simple answer fitted a land so sprawling and diverse. Only the people really mattered and the people, I knew, were as diverse as the land, were confused by their self-discovery and by a world-wide process beyond human understanding—yes, but everywhere they were moving irresistibly like a river in the night. ★

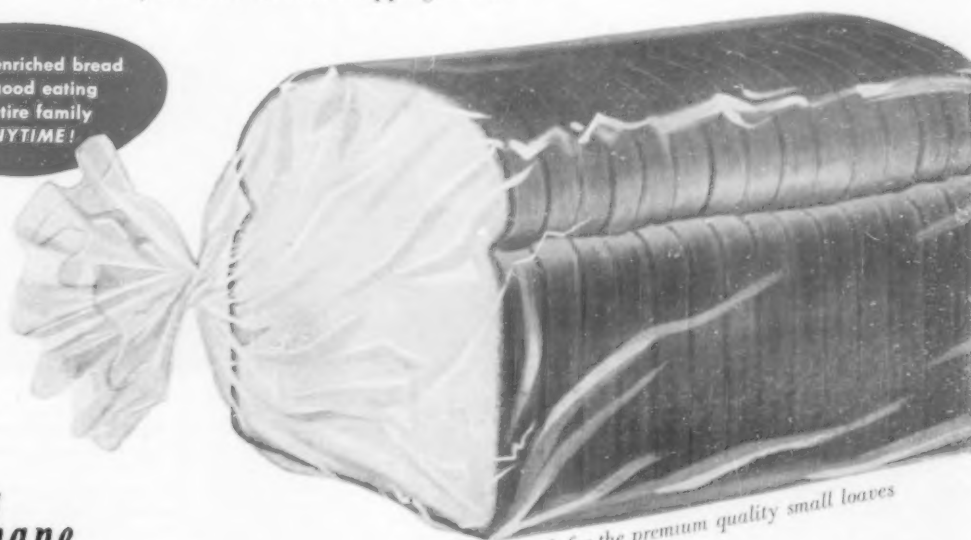
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The race for the love of Mizpah Jenkins

Continued from page 27

"Fool!" said Alice. "That she-fox Mizpah was waiting to be found, waving her skirts at you!"

so precociously chosen. Only minutes later, while I coursed fruitlessly across the glen, did it occur to me that he had given up much too easily. When the devil tells the truth, honest men are deceived. Leaping Sun had seen Mizpah in her black and white dress, and had turned my eye simply by pointing directly at her.

Before I had time to rush from the glen he had climbed the slope and was leading Mizpah back to her father. Later my betrothed, Delight of the Moon, whose mission name was Alice Abraham, had words for me.

"Fool! And you may be sure the little she-fox Mizpah was merely waiting to be found, waving her skirts at you. Idiot! She might have wrapped them about your thick head before you would have seen them. We could very well have set away the two new blankets against our wedding in the autumn."

MAINLY through my own effort to avoid him, I saw nothing of Leaping Sun for a fortnight, until one day when I came upon him along with Mizpah Jenkins in her father's store. "Here is Red Wind," said Mizpah in her bantering way, "who would have found me but that he could see no other woman than Alice. Red Wind, Leaping Sun tells us that he is the best

fisherman in the village. Is that so?"

"If you know Leaping Sun to be a truthful young man," I said with dignity, "you will of course not need my confirmation." Mizpah laughed loudly, showing all her fine teeth and tossing her attractive hair. Somehow, with Delight of the Moon's scoldings still sharp in my ears, I saw things about Mizpah that I had not before noticed.

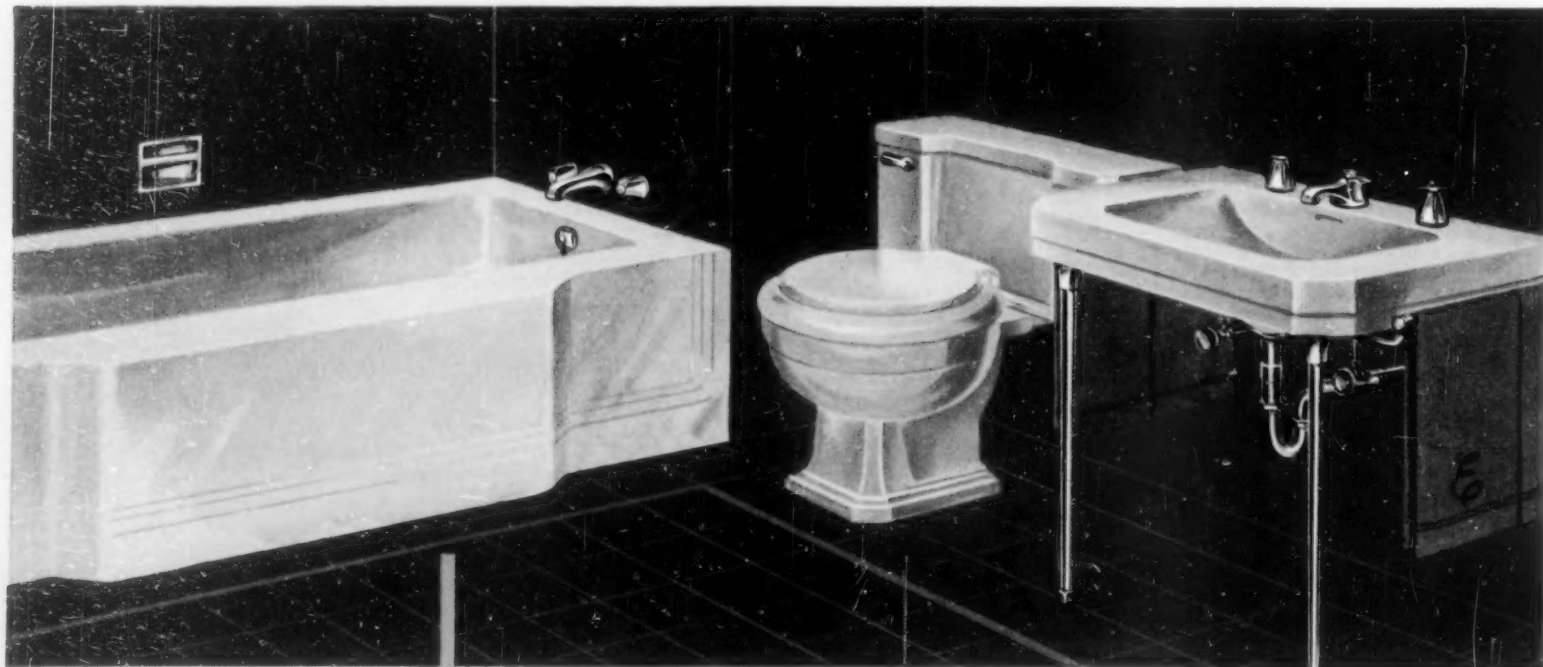
"I make no boasts," Leaping Sun said in his abominably humble manner. "I suggest only that through application I may possibly have overcome my many failings. It is the ambitious cripple who leaps high."

"Do you think," said Mizpah with an impish look, "that you could catch more fish in a day than Red Wind?"

"If I do," said Leaping Sun, "it is only because I know that Red Wind would not set his high skill at so trivial a mark as catching more fish than he might need for his supper."

"A contest!" said Mizpah, clapping her soft hands. "Supper with me for the one who catches the most tomorrow."

I fixed Leaping Sun with my eye and watched the snickering curl of his lip suddenly straighten. He cleared his throat and put on a sober look. But something about this manner seemed to mock me. "Very well," I said, "let



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us see how we may compare when deeds and not words are numbered."

On this occasion I intended to rule out all possibility of defeat. I was out at dawn. I fished all day. I returned at dusk literally staggering under a load of magnificent trout.

"Eh, lad!" said Mizpah's father. "It's pickled trout we'll have all winter." Behind him Mizpah did a little circling dance that seemed very pretty in the lamplight.

"Our poor Leaping Sun!" she said. "He can never have caught more than this."

I sat comfortably by the kitchen table with a mug of beer while Mizpah prepared supper. There was no sting of premonition, no shudder of foresight. The room was warm. I perspired gently and relished the sight of Mizpah's fluttering like a beautiful moth over her pots and pans.

Long after dark, just as the soup was simmering to perfection and the roast done to exquisite brown tenderness, a strange sound came from the door. It was scarcely a knock; it resembled more the flutter of a dying bird's wing.

"It must be Leaping Sun," said Mizpah, looking up flushed from testing the roast. She hurried to the door, patting her long supple fingers with a towel.

It was Leaping Sun. He stood in the doorway with his hands at his sides and looked steadily at the floor. To my eye his figure seemed strangely slight. There was a limpness about him, and a sag to his clothes.

"I have caught no fish," said Leaping Sun without looking up. "I have been punished for my foolish boasting."

"Do you mean to say you fished all day and caught nothing?" said Mizpah. Leaping Sun nodded.

"It was as if providence had warned the fish from my hooks. I paused not even for a morsel at noon, and I had begun without breakfast. I shall go home now and kindle a fire and make a biscuit for myself."

"But, Leaping Sun—" said Mizpah half raising her hand. Leaping Sun had turned away. He staggered slightly on the step.

"Red Wind has well won his supper," Leaping Sun said in hollow tones. "I congratulate him with all my heart." He pulled the door softly shut. We heard his foot stumble on the path outside.

The room was like warm mist around me. I thrust a finger inside my collar and tried hard to keep from breathing through my mouth. Mizpah came back to her roast, giving me a troubled look. By the time the roast was on the table I had controlled my breathing, but somehow to my feeling I had grown unaccountably heavy and uncouth. My wrists were too large, my arms too tightly muscular, my chest abnormally vital and hot.

The soup was good, but it seemed monstrous of me to drink it. The meat was tender, but I felt like a hog while I ate it. Mizpah chattered and laughed and praised my fishing, but the trouble was still there in her deep brown eyes. She paused once soberly with her fork halfway to her mouth. "I cannot help thinking of Leaping Sun," she said, "and his biscuit."

On such occasions one aggravation piles itself on another. When I reached home that night, after having kicked at every stone in my path, there by the door was Delight of the Moon. Tonight the moon was down.

"So!" said Delight of the Moon. "So! So! It is a wonder you trouble to come home. It is a wonder you do not spend the remaining few minutes before dawn with your fish-chewing half-breed." Here Delight of the Moon paused to spit in a most unladylike

fashion on the ground in front of her. "So! You insult me by philandering in this manner, stuffing yourself, sprawling drunken and lustful in that house, stumbling home like a moose after rutting time, and then say nothing. Speak! Why do you stand there swallowing your tongue? You are windbag enough when boasting of how you may humble less fortunate men. You are full of loud noises when strutting before your cow of a Mizpah. Why do you not say something now?"

EVERY summer in those years it was our custom to enjoy a day of sport, with much wrestling, running and hurdling, and feasting in the evening. I was, to speak in all modesty, a famous figure on these occasions, having long excelled in wrestling and running and sometimes in hurdling. It had come to the point where no one cared to bet against me, though each year there was speculation on whether I might have lost some degree of advantage.

This year, a week or so before the sports day, I was told that Leaping Sun, of all people, had been boasting that he would beat me in the long race, which was run on a course of perhaps three miles around a small lake. I had never been beaten in the long race, and so far as anyone could remember Leaping Sun had never finished better than fifth, so that the boasts generally were being dismissed as meaningless. I myself felt less sure.

There seemed first the possibility that Leaping Sun intended a repetition of his trick with the fish, perhaps to break a leg and finish the race heroically. This I soon dismissed. Leaping Sun was far too clever to overdo a good thing. He had gained Mizpah's pity, and when a generous woman has given all her pity on one occasion she plainly will have none left for another. Then there was the chance that Leaping Sun had contrived some plot to cripple me, and that he was boasting in order to gain wagers. This seemed almost equally unlikely. The race was run in plain view, within yards of many spectators who waited in boats and canoes. Moreover, few bets were likely to be accepted on anything but an outright win, so that merely handicapping one runner would not have insured success for Leaping Sun.

There seemed only the conclusion that Leaping Sun actually hoped to win the race. When a week had passed and the boasting continued, I was unable to resist facing him and calling accounts on the matter.

"One hears," I said, "that you plan to annihilate me in the long race."

"Oh, Red Wind," he said in an off-hand manner, "you know how a small word becomes large when repeated. I have merely been expressing confidence in what I feel is an improved ability."

"As you did once before in your skill at fishing."

"You must not be too hard on me, Red Wind. How else might I have gained the notice of one enthralled by your talents? Always to the young women it has been Red Wind, the great Red Wind. Even now Mizpah sighs when you are gone, and looks sightless at the chimney shelf."

"No doubt when you have won the race you will be more fortunate than the shelf."

For the first time Leaping Sun showed irritation. "That may be so," he said, drawing himself up like an ancient chief and staring off into the trees.

"Perhaps," I said, "a wager of any sort would sully the honor of your victory."

Leaping Sun looked at the trees for a further minute and then swung upon

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me so fiercely that I drew back a step. "A wager?" he said, narrowing his eyes. "Very well. Red Wind, if I beat you, will you stop seeing Mizpah Jenkins?"

It was my turn to stare. Then I laughed. "Leaping Sun," I said, "I will accept this dare or wager, but of course only if you take the same risk." Here Leaping Sun's fierceness began to dwindle. "Whichever one of us loses, then," I said, "will keep away from Mizpah." Now the fierceness was altogether gone. Leaping Sun thrust a toe into the ground and gazed

for a time at the hole he had made.

"Very well," he said thickly, turning away, "it shall be so."

Yet as he walked off in seeming frustration it occurred to me that I had somehow been led on; which was plainly impossible because I had done all the talking.

IT WOULD be mere digression to describe the day of the race at any length, and it would further cause me much pain in recollection. To be fair, it was a gallant sight under the bright sun and with a fine breeze off the lake.

Boats darted like bugs in the water, spectators crowded the shore in Sunday suits and dresses, small boys raced along the dusty course, anticipating the runners, and squirrels in the spruce tops chattered their scornful curiosity.

Very well, then. Mizpah's father started the race by firing a pistol in the air, and we scampered off, hallooed by the crowd and followed by the squirrels through their spruce tops. A haze of dust rose and hung behind us and gradually became divided into little comet tails as the runners strung out along the course. I did not hurry in the

first half mile, having found through experience that early gains often meant late losses, but as the more eager starters began to lose their ardor I took estimate of the field and gradually moved into the van.

Leaping Sun was running hard and with considerable craft. Halfway through the race, along with five or six others, he was still well in front of me. Now I began to extend my stride, studying those ahead to gauge their possible reserves for a later dash. Most of them seemed to have run their race for all they were likely to do but vie for a place and showing, so I sprinted briefly, exchanging glances with Leaping Sun as I passed. His teeth were clenched and sweat glistened on his face and chest. Then he and the others were behind, the hallooing crowd was in front at the finish line, and once again, just as in other years, I had won the long race. Cheers rose for me, Mizpah danced her little circle in a flowered dress, and her father fired his pistol again. Three quarters to the side, in a little cleared circle—ah! Who was this, like a fine statue that awes its admirers, strikes them to silence, freezes them to immobile staring; who could this be? Ah!

Alice Abraham, Delight of the Moon, had a fist on each hip. Her feet were set, toes out, a yard apart. Her fine breast rose and fell as if she and not I had run the long race. Delight of the Moon spoke.

"Here comes the great all-conquering Red Wind! Here comes the magnificent hero thrusting out his magnificent chest so that everyone may grow faint in admiration. Oh, great runner, well you may stand in need of mighty breaths and heavings of the stomach! Well you may wave your muscular arms and fan away your heroic sweat!" Delight of the Moon made as if to spit on the ground and then seemed to think better of it. "See what you have earned, great galloping bull! Now you may bellow and grunt in the moonlight with not so much as a bleat from your rival. Better still, neither shall your consort have rival. We are no longer betrothed, Red Wind! We are finished, my fine gambler! I would not remain to lessen the privilege you have won." Here Delight of the Moon fell short of breath and paused to glance furiously at the people around her. All but one looked away in embarrassment.

"It seems, Alice," said Leaping Sun, staring fulsomely as he leaned panting against a tree, "it seems we are alike bereft."

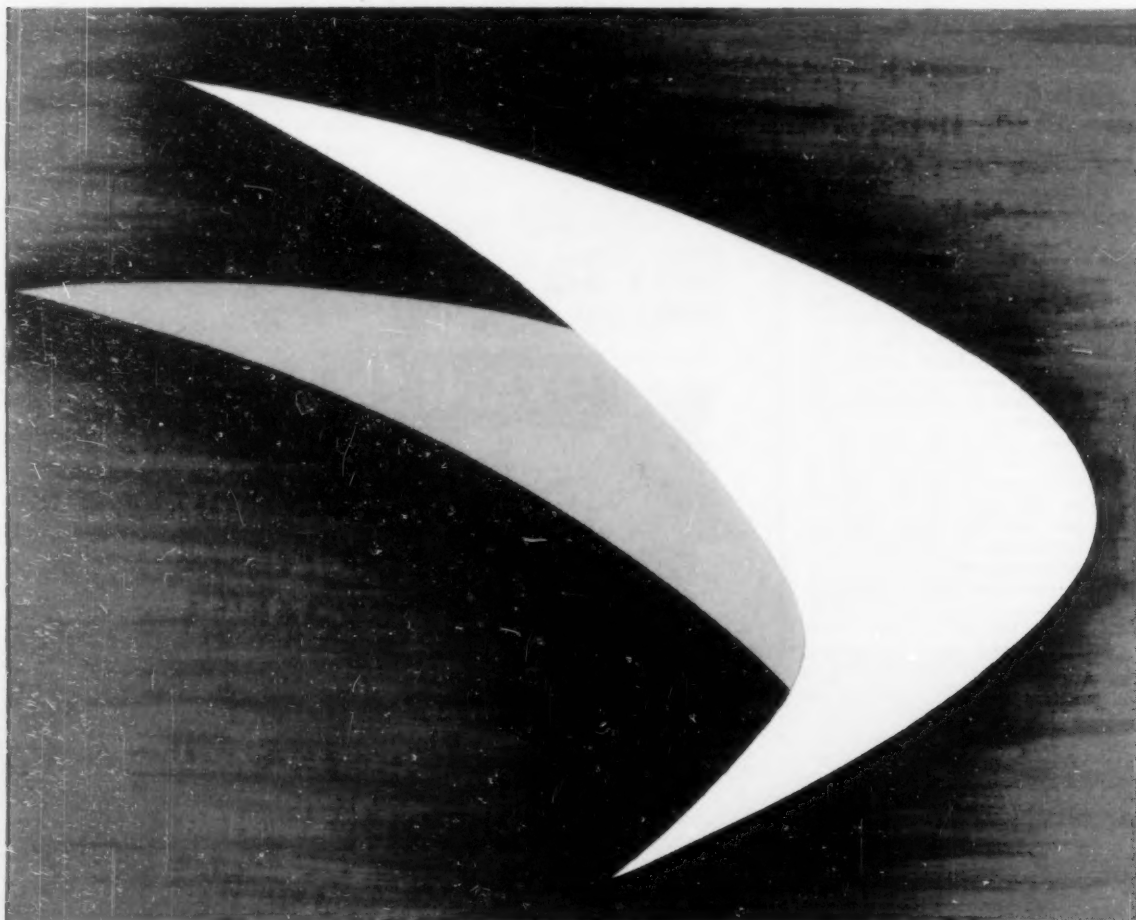
BUT, my poor Red Wind," Mizpah said that night, "what does it matter if Leaping Sun captures what he has always so stealthily coveted? He will regret it quickly enough under the lash of Alice's tongue. . . . You are well rid of her, Red Wind."

"Perhaps so," I said. Mizpah's hair gleamed in the twilight. "It is possible," I said. She smiled up at me. "I believe you are right," I said. Then a twinge of recollection and anger returned. Ah, that scoundrel! "He seemed so earnest," I said, "pledging never to see you again."

"So easy a pledge!" Mizpah said angrily. "As he very well knew, I leave next week for the city of Toronto, where I intend to get a position in the great store of Timothy Eaton Company Limited. I shall probably never return." ★

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C6-2

What makes them swim the Channel?

Continued from page 30

Mrs. Leuszler's swim—and she did not apply for official Association listing—other witnesses followed her by boat, and her feat has been duly recorded in such authoritative works as Whitaker's Almanack and the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Failures have included such well-known personalities as the Australian beauty, Annette Kellerman, who early in this century popularized the then daring one-piece bathing suit and later starred in Hollywood films; the Rt. Hon. Lieut. Gen. Lord Freyberg, VC, GCMG, KCB, KBE, DSO, the hero from New Zealand who is now Deputy Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle; and Dr. Alain Bombard, the Frenchman who made up for his Channel defeat by his remarkable conquest of the Atlantic on a raft; he later wrote a best-selling book in which he described the epic solo voyage.

In spite of these failures, doubters like Mr. Norman did on the basis of recent developments seem to have reason for taking the publicized hardships of Channel swimming with a pinch of salt. Consider this juxtaposition of facts: between the first successful swimming of the Channel by Capt. Matthew Webb in 1875 and the second, thirty-six years later by T. W. Burgess, on about seventy separate occasions men and women expended their calories in the icy, unpredictable strait to no avail; while, on a single day in 1951, no fewer than twenty swimmers set out from Cap Gris Nez and eighteen stroked across to the English shore. What the skeptics wanted to know was: how come the remarkable improvement?

A swarm swam the Channel

Indeed, no single reason can explain why the thirty-five-to-one odds of fifty years ago (against any starter completing the swim) have plummeted to a more sociable three-to-one today. The development of the crawl—faster than the old-fashioned breast and side strokes—has certainly been a vital factor. So have the discoveries of the so-called "two-tide theory" and the fact that it is easier to accomplish the France-to-England swim than vice versa, which was not known in the early days. And not the least item to be considered is the comparatively recent epidemic of "Channel Fever" which has attacked long-distance swimmers everywhere and influenced them to try the Channel in vastly increased numbers.

The resultant mass assaults of late years have undoubtedly made a terrific impact on the classic test. In the 1951 Daily Mail race already referred to, one hundred and fifty-three marathon hopefuls representing twenty-three countries swarmed to enter; but ruthless pruning on the basis of past swimming accomplishments left twenty absolutely topnotch candidates.

Then the luckiest break in weather and tides in living memory helped all but two of these to stroke their way to victory, making the chore seem little more than a Sunday afternoon dip in Lake Simcoe. One of the triumphant eighteen was Canada's Mrs. Leuszler, who was the seventh competitor—and the second woman—to land, in a time of 13 hours 25 minutes. Nothing like that numerical success had ever been dreamed of by Channel experts before. Possibly it will never happen again.

Incidentally, while the "Channel Fever" will be found in no medical

textbook, anyone who has ever tried to swim the famous strait knows it as a disease of incredible virulence. Insofar as the records reveal, only one other Canadian besides Marilyn Bell and Winnie Leuszler has attempted the Channel: Omer Perrault, who by making five abortive tries between 1922 and 1926 showed himself to be one of

the early victims of the "fever." At least one physician has made a serious, firsthand, and nearly lifelong study of it. Dr. George Brewster, a bulky and determined Englishman, has made sixteen unsuccessful attempts to beat the Channel. Now sixty-five, he will try again this summer.

"I wish to goodness I had never started," Brewster confessed not long ago. "After an interval of seven years during the war, I thought I was cured. Then I went to Deal for a perfectly innocent bathe and felt so good I swam the ten miles to Dover. I thought:

'Hey! There's life in the old boy yet!' The first thing I knew, Channel Fever had caught me again."

In spite of his repeated assaults, Brewster is not the record holder for Channel failures, although he takes perverse pride in claiming the honor among living swimmers. A fellow countryman, the late Jabez Wolffe, tackled the job twenty-one times and never quite made it, then suffered an additional irony of his own making. He trained four successful Channel swimmers—all of them women.

The fact is that although it took a



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"I can't settle down as a wife," she said, "until I've swum the Hellespont"

long time after Webb for a woman, Gertrude Ederle, to negotiate her 1926 crossing, her swimming sisters have since more than made up for the delay. The two Canadian girls have helped balance the record books to a point where, in the past five years, women have run neck and neck with men. Some experts state that women actually stand a better chance than their opposites to go the full route because they tend to feel the cold less due to nature's kinder distribution of protective fat.

It is certainly true that women are just as firmly wedded to their chosen sport as men. After swimming the English Channel in 1927, Mercedes Gleitze, a beautiful London typist, wrote a note to the man she had promised to wed. "I shall never be able to settle down in a home as a wife," she said, "until I have successfully swum the Irish Channel, the Wash and the Hellespont." That was the end of that romance.

Ever since the shapely Miss Kellerman's three attempts to beat the Channel, women swimmers have attracted far more notice than men. Those now in their middle years will recall the brouhaha when Miss Ederle became the first woman to succeed. Fewer will bring to mind that newspapers of Oct. 11, 1927, announced a new record in Miss Mona MacLennan's swim of 13 hours 10 minutes. Following on the heels of that came a series of sensational disclosures.

Miss MacLennan, it was revealed, was a pseudonym for Dr. Dorothy Logan, a well-known London gynaecologist. Further, "Dr. Logan swam without a costume, believing that her progress would have been hampered by any form of garment." Then came the most terrible blow of all, when it leaked out that, although she had accepted a thousand-pound cheque from a newspaper for having accomplished the grueling swim, Dr. Logan had actually set forth from Cap Gris Nez, swum until out of sight of land, and then been pulled into her accompanying boat. She slipped into the sea again nine hours later, three miles from the English shore, and signed a statutory declaration on landing that she had performed the swim. That last error rendered her liable to the law, which forced her to pay a hundred-pound fine under the perjury act. She returned the prize cheque, as well.

This "colossal hoax," as newspapers headlined her trickery, brought forth a public statement from the woman doctor. "So many questions have been raised about Channel swimmers and records," she declared, "that I wanted to make it plain the only satisfactory way for Channel swims to be conducted is under an accepted sporting authority, with independent umpires watching each event."

The outcry over Dr. Logan's deception did result in the formation of the Channel Swimming Association "to investigate the claims of persons to have swum the English Channel and to assist with information and advice those intending to make the attempt." This body is strict in its judgment of who has made the swim "fairly and without aid," and prefers to have one of its official observers along to attest to the authenticity of any swim. But it will also investigate and pass upon the claims of those who neglect to apply for a CSA observer.

Thus when Glen Burlingame, an American from Chicago, wanted recognition for a swim he claimed to have made a year or two ago, he wrote to

William Floyd, the Association's honorary secretary. Floyd conscientiously went to France to seek corroborating evidence of Burlingame's claim. Unfortunately for the latter, he found a photograph of him about to enter the water and noticed a remarkable addition to normal swimming attire.

"Sorry, Glen," Floyd wrote, "but we can't give you a certificate. You broke our rule by wearing flippers on your feet."

Of the ninety-five men and women claimed to have succeeded in the swim—not necessarily to the governing body—only thirty-seven have received official sanction. But it appears likely that many of the non-recognized fifty-eight actually did conquer the Channel in compliance with rules requiring an aspirant to "walk into the sea from the shore of departure and swim across the English Channel until his feet actually touch the shore on the opposite coast." They also provide that "no swimmer receiving the help of buoyant apparatus or wearing webbed gloves or any other aid" can have a claim approved.

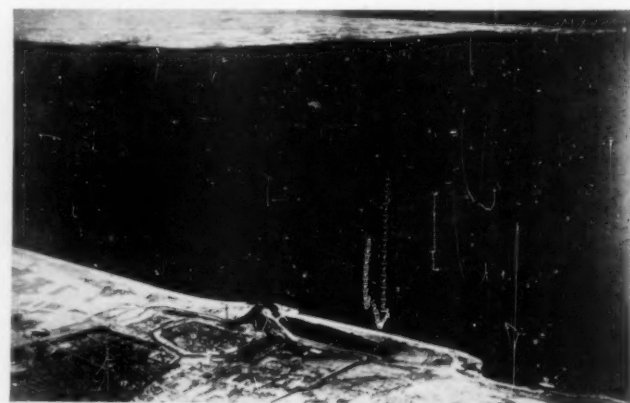
"If no official observer accompanies a swimmer," Floyd said recently, "that does not rule out our consideration of a claim; but the swimmer must initiate it and produce affidavits." He added that he "had no doubt" the name of Canada's Mrs. Leuszler could be added to the official roll if she made the proper application. Only months ago Brenda Fisher, an English girl who landed less than an hour ahead of Winnie in the 1951 race, belatedly ap-

plied for—and got—CSA recognition.

Surely the most publicized Channel attempt in recent years was that in 1949 by a Massachusetts schoolgirl of seventeen, Shirley May France, who wanted to achieve the "youngest-swimmer-to-succeed" title which was subsequently captured by Toronto's Marilyn Bell. Shirley May was subsidized by a motion-picture company, a news agency, and a maker of waterproof watches. She went to England with her own press agent who not only hired a hundred-foot schooner to pace her way but paid for it by selling accommodation on board at forty-two dollars a ticket to reporters he had first induced to cover the story. He also asked the U. S. Navy for a destroyer escort and requested Princess Margaret to send Shirley May a message of encouragement. Neither petition was granted, but that only seemed to hot up interest in Miss France's exploit, especially since it leaked out that she would swim in the nude.

"As a matter of fact, Shirley couldn't have swum nude," Ted Worner, her press agent, later confessed. "Our contract with the film outfit specified she had to wear a bathing suit with the name of its current movie on it."

When the great day arrived, Shirley May declared to reporters that, "The swim is a personal matter between the Channel and me." She set out from Gris Nez paced by her schooner, four motorboats, two rowboats, and a pilot boat—wearing one of her sponsor's bathing suits and the waterproof watch provided by another—only to be



Here's how the Channel looks from about 18,000 feet above Calais. Dover, where most swimmers land, is a small dent on far coast.

The Channel looks easy but tides make it tough



Gertrude Ederle with clipping of her '26 swim. Until Marilyn Bell she was youngest to cross.



Marilyn Bell crawled ashore last year but didn't have to after her feet touched bottom.



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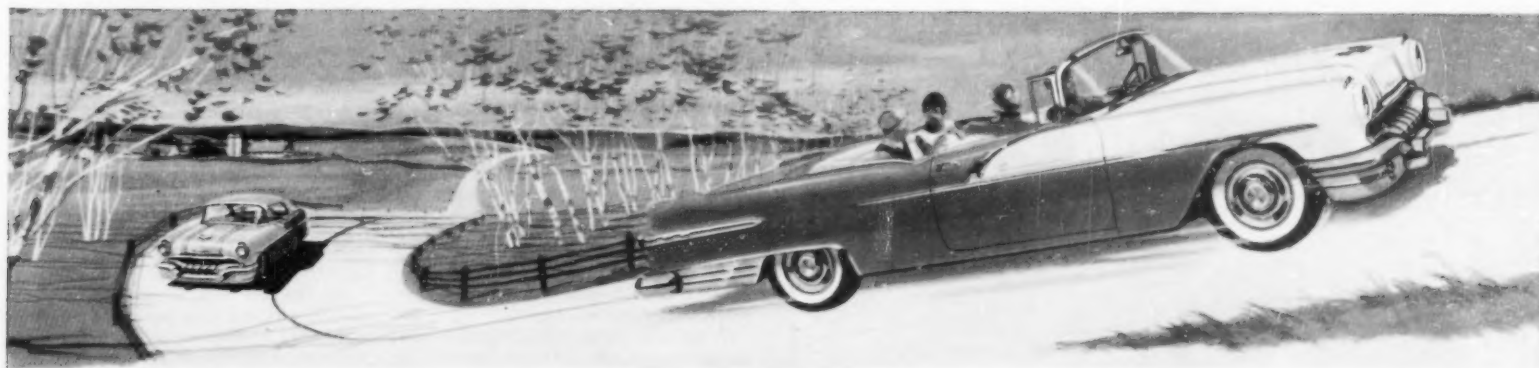
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"You don't have to walk clear of the water. If your feet touch shore you've swum the Channel"

hauled out of the Channel in hysterics ten and a half hours later. Her swim won one distinction: it was named the "most ballyhooed stunt" of the year.

Sponsorship of a less colorful kind is not uncommon in Channel swims. Indeed, expenses for a swim attempt have climbed so high since the war that financial aid is becoming not only desirable but often necessary. The cost per swim, on a modest scale and not including travel expenses, cannot be much less than a thousand dollars today. Even the hiring of an accompanying boat now costs \$140, twice the sum of twenty years ago. "Last summer thirty swimmers literally queued for boats," Dr. Brewster, the sixteen-times loser, said not long ago. "They went to the highest bidders. Many swimmers here cannot get a look-in because competitors from abroad are backed by their governments or commercial organizations. You might be lucky enough to raise the money by public subscription, but that is not entirely satisfactory."

A reverse twist to the disadvantage of sponsorship came about last summer when William Pickering—whose townsmen of Bloxwich, Kent, raised more than a thousand dollars for his Channel attempt—waited four weeks for ideal weather. Late in August, a Bloxwich delegation descended upon the 260-pound swimmer in his Dover hotel and showed their impatience by demanding he "swim or come home."

Incensed by the ultimatum, Pickering told pilot "Pop" Burwell he was going to start his swim next day in spite of bad weather, which was predicted to grow worse. Burwell, an expert on Channel tides and conditions, refused to take him to Gris Nez, on the French side, where Pickering had planned to start.

"Then I'll start from this side," Pickering announced. He did so, intending to do his best, but hoping to do no more than censure his backers by proving the Channel could not be licked under unfavorable circumstances.

Conditions in the notoriously quirkish strait improved as Pickering's swim progressed. So much so that he not only succeeded in reaching France, but did it in 14 hours 6 minutes, which broke the existing official record for that direction.

"They wanted a swim for their money," Pickering declared with somewhat mixed feelings. "Well, they got it!"

As many Canadians are aware, the successful swim by Marilyn Bell last summer was sponsored too. A London columnist making pre-swim chatter, wrote: "There may be some piracy in the English Channel soon. Marilyn Bell is being sponsored by the Toronto Telegram, who are paying her \$15,000 whether she succeeds or not. But the rival paper, the Toronto Star, does not intend to be left out in the cold. They have sent over a special team to get the maximum coverage of the event—without paying the \$15,000."

What the columnist did not know was that this was part of a continuing feud between the two Toronto afternoon dailies. What both papers failed to consider was the refusal of Channel tides and winds to become docile at a managing editor's roar. Because of these important factors Marilyn's pilot—again "Pop" Burwell—postponed her swim on several occasions. Then tides, weather and forecast all turned favorable for July 31—a Sunday, when

no Toronto papers publish. Furthermore, Monday was a civic holiday in Toronto.

But conditions might not be so favorable again. After much soul-searching and cables to the Telegram publisher, John Bassett, the decision was made to put the good of the girl swimmer before that of the sponsor. Marilyn set out at 5.53 a.m. and reached the English shore at 8.29 that evening, after a final courageous spurt against an increasing tide which would have carried a less determined swimmer out to sea.

Canadians first heard of Marilyn's victory over the CBC. In Toronto, the home ground of the swim's press rivalry, the Globe and Mail, a morning paper and an innocent bystander, came out on the Monday morning with the first published account as supplied by Canadian Press. The Star and the Telegram staggered in, jointly last, on Tuesday afternoon, with their accounts of what everybody already knew.

Incidentally, stories of the swim had it that Marilyn's coach, Gus Ryder, "almost robbed her of success" by wading out to help her through the surf.

"You don't have to walk clear of the water," Secretary Floyd said recently. "If your feet touch the far shore, even if you are in water to your neck, you have swum the Channel."

Wind is a big headache

Clearly, the CSA appreciates too well the ordeal of such a swim to demand extra frills once it is over. They know that the water seldom warms up above sixty degrees even in summer's hottest days—a temperature that makes shipwrecked mariners lose their grip on life within an hour or two. Then there are the fierce tides which rip back and forth through the Dover-Gris Nez bottleneck, making the average successful swim about thirty-five miles instead of a direct twenty-one. Yet icy water and battering currents are not the most fearsome obstacles to a swimmer's success. Sam Rockett, a Channel conqueror and adviser for one-time Canadian Billy Butlin's annual "International Cross Channel Swimming Race," puts it this way: "If the wind is high, forget the swim. Wind is the biggest headache."

Rockett paints a grueling picture of what a Channel swimmer has to go through to win his hour of glory. "You have to be fit to beat rough seas and frigid salt water that swells your tongue, to withstand the stings of jellyfish, seasickness—even hallucinations." He mentioned one swimmer who, after hours of steady stroking, suddenly refused to go on until "all the dogs are taken out of my way," and it is common for contenders to imagine themselves chased by man-eating sharks which do not frequent the Channel.

As Rockett did, most Channel aspirants put in a long period of training at or near Folkestone in the belief that there is no substitute for actual conditions, although Major Jason Zircanos arrived at Dover from Greece one Friday morning, hired a boat, and was back in Dover forty-eight hours later, having swum the Channel in the interim.

Some swimmers go in for planned diets, the variety of which seems to show that special foods are faddish and unnecessary. Pickering, a vegetarian,

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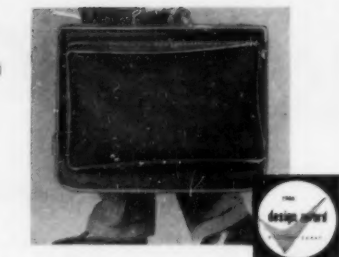
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depended on raisins, honey and tinned baby food. Fernand du Moulin, a Belgian who made the swim in 1949, preferred champagne and roast chicken. Dr. Brewster advises "plenty of meat, butter, cream and fat." S. Tiraboschi, an Italian from Buenos Aires, swam the Channel in 1923 after what he described as "a hell of a night out in Paris," eating seven pounds of steak on the way and a pail of ice cream, followed by a gallon of stout, on landing. Marilyn Bell used corn syrup as an energy booster. Webb, the first to cross, depended largely on brandy, cod-liver oil, beef tea and "good old Kentish ale."

According to some authorities, the craze to swim the Channel was first aroused in 1862 when a man named William Hoskins floated from Dover to Calais on—of all things!—a bale of hay. But it took ten years for a swimmer to make a first feeble try. Then Captain Webb took a crack at it. On his second attempt, from Dover on Aug. 24, 1875, he scored his legendary success in 21 hours 45 minutes.

You don't go straight across

In the succeeding thirty-six years, as a 1911 editorial put it, "the Channel has been pestered with assailants, but after gallant efforts, they have all failed . . . We almost begin to think that Webb's historic feat must be mythological." That very year a Yorkshireman, T. W. Burgess, cracked the myth by repeating the England-France swim taking nearly an hour longer than Webb. Then, in 1923, Henry Sullivan, an American, took 27 hours and 25 minutes—the longest time on record—to become the third conqueror.

But two years before, a French pilot, Emile Douay, had expounded his "two-tide theory" which took into account the development of the crawl as a faster method of crossing the Channel, and proposed that the west-to-east flood tide and the east-to-west ebb tide be utilized to aid a swimmer in an S-shaped course instead of allowing the tides to hinder the swimmer as in the past.

As Floyd explained: "Each swimmer goes at a certain speed. You've got to leave France at a time your speed will catch the up-Channel tide

and get full advantage from it. A slow swimmer will start earlier to take advantage of the easterly moving flood tide." There are only about six periods of four to five days each during a season in which the tides are suitable. As a result of planning her swim according to the "two-tide theory" Gertrude Ederle was able to set her record of 14 hours 34 minutes—little more than half the time taken by her countryman, Sullivan.

From then on, the time of the crossing has been whittled down; first by Ernst Vierkoetter, a German now living in Toronto who set a standard of 12 hours 40 minutes in 1926 which was not officially beaten until the Egyptian, Hassan Abdul Rehim, pared the time to an astounding 10 hours 50 minutes in 1950.

You would have thought that by this time most of the glory had been skimmed off the Channel feat, causing swimmers to seek some new challenge. Instead, they flock to the famous strait in increasing numbers every year. Why? "The Channel offers the supreme dare to human courage and endurance," Sam Rockett said some weeks ago. "I can't think of any stretch of water, possible for man to swim, that has the attraction and the hazards. One moment you are swimming in a flat calm, then up comes a gale and you're finished."

Undoubtedly it is the element of "supreme dare" that appeals to many long-distance swimmers all over the world and makes the conquest of the English Channel their ultimate aim. Such swimmers are a breed apart in the sporting firmament. The great Captain Webb proved that conclusively when, eight years after his Channel triumph, he attempted—foolhardily, no doubt—to swim the rapids from the American side below Niagara Falls.

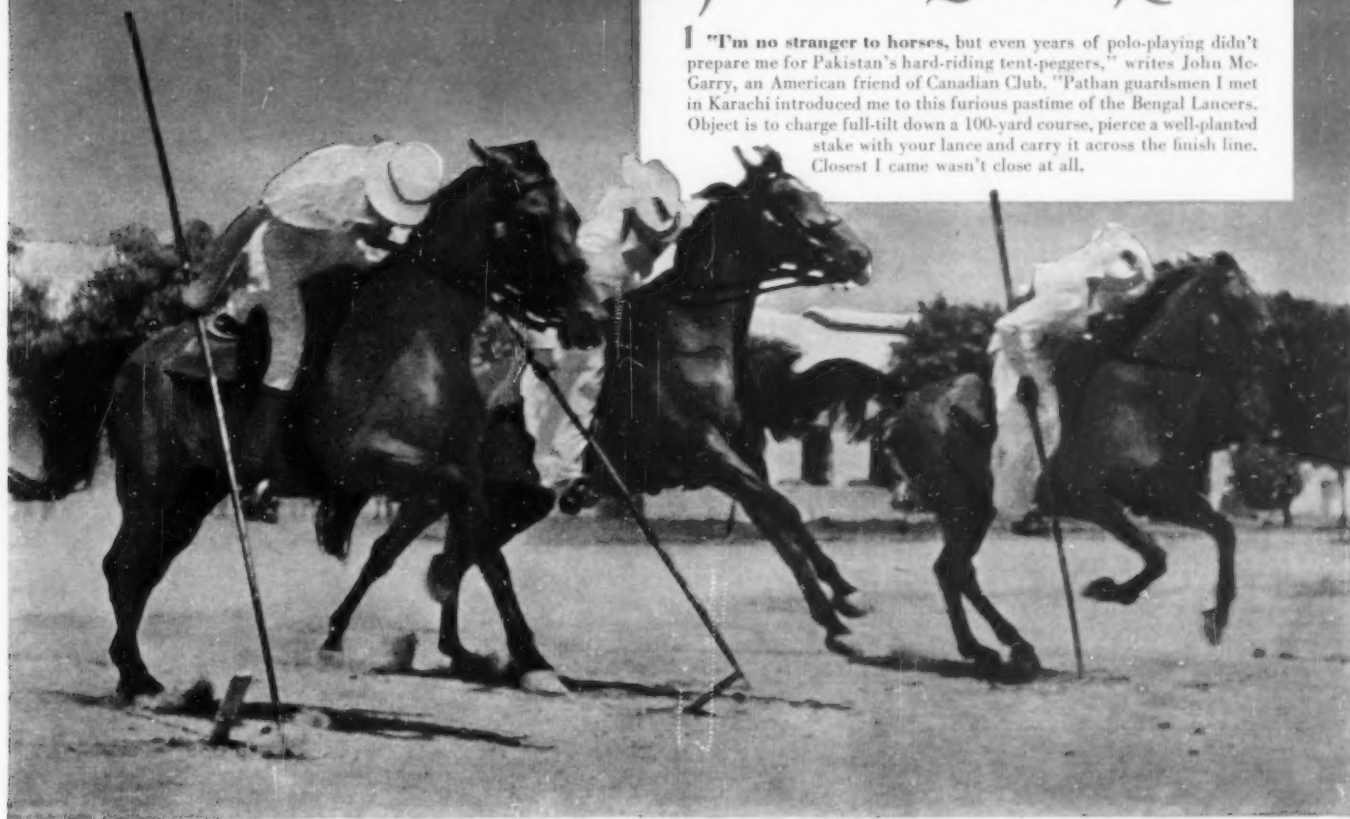
He managed to stay afloat in the torrent for eight minutes, his eyes fastened on the Canadian shore which was his goal. Then he was swept under the boiling surface. His body was washed up miles below, at Lewiston, beaten, broken, bruised—but still clad in the scarlet silk trunks in which he had swum the Channel, when he blazed the trail hundreds would try to follow.

This time, the impossible had proven too much even for him. ★

My pride was at stake in this

PAKISTAN STAKE RACE

1 "I'm no stranger to horses, but even years of polo-playing didn't prepare me for Pakistan's hard-riding tent-peggers," writes John McGarry, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Pathan guardsmen I met in Karachi introduced me to this furious pastime of the Bengal Lancers. Object is to charge full-tilt down a 100-yard course, pierce a well-planted stake with your lance and carry it across the finish line. Closest I came wasn't close at all."



2 "The faster you gallop the better your chances," Bashir Ahmad advised as he showed me how a stake is impaled on a lance-point. But six futile passes made me wish I'd stuck to hobby horses.



3 "I sidelined myself for a good look at the guardsmen's technique, and saw horsemanship any polo player could envy. The men rode four abreast at stakes set only eight feet apart. One turbaned daredevil took his peg narrow side on; his Arab steed never slackened its pace."



4 "The 110 degree heat of the parade ground made Karachi's Hotel Metropole a welcome oasis. Especially when they served Canadian Club! Here in the cosmopolitan capital of Pakistan, Canadian Club is an old-time favourite—as it is wherever I travel."

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Will power drive salmon from the Fraser?

Continued from page 25

"If salmon runs are lost it will scuttle the B. C. fishing fleet by wiping out half of its catch"

hundred feet high—bigger than Grand Coulee, the present record holder, by two hundred and fifty feet—it would cost half a billion dollars and generate another three and a half million horsepower. According to Dr. Harry Warren, geology professor at the University of British Columbia who dreamed up the project, it would convert Lillooet into a major city—perhaps eventually as large as Vancouver—and a Canadian centre for metallurgical industries.

Together these dams would make the Fraser a long chain of lakes instead of the tumultuous mountain stream it is now—the one at Moran would stretch for a hundred and sixty miles. In all likelihood they would also doom the salmon by preventing the fish from getting upstream to spawn, although the power companies concerned have suggested building fishways—ladders and elevators—to enable the fish to get over the dams. But last November the federal Department of Fisheries, after studying such reports, figured out that it would cost three hundred million dollars to build fishways for ten of the dams. Even then, it said, they might prove useless.

Milo Bell, a Seattle engineer who supervised the building of fishways at Hell's Gate canyon on the Fraser in 1945 to overcome the disastrous effects of an earlier rockslide on salmon spawning, said recently: "We are a long way from making power and salmon compatible on the Fraser. We're working at it, but the problem is monumental."

Roderick Haig-Brown, an eminent B. C. outdoors writer, also put his signature to this epitaph when he told a meeting of conservationists in Vancouver: "If the hydro men have their way I expect to see the salmon runs wiped out in my lifetime."

If they are it would just about scuttle the B. C. fishing fleet. More than half the yearly catch that sells for seventy million dollars today is Fraser River salmon—mostly the famous rich-red sockeye. This is one reason why the battle over the Fraser has raged with growing intensity until today it crosses party lines and often business ties and even the bonds of friendship. For, on one side or the other, thousands have an important financial stake in the outcome.

Both fishermen and power companies need only look across the Canadian-U. S. border to get a vivid idea of what may happen if the dams go up. On the Columbia River, which rises near the North Thompson River in Canada and enters the U. S. through the state of Washington, salmon was a major industry only twenty-five years ago. Since then a series of dams, topped by giant Grand Coulee, has almost wiped out the catch. Cannerymen scratch a living packing Japanese tuna. But at the same time the Columbia's dams, with their vast hydro-electric capacity, have changed Washington, Oregon and neighboring Idaho from farming, timber, mining outposts to industrial states.

Unlike the United States, the first signs of a salmon-power conflict did not appear in British Columbia until seven years ago when the Aluminum Company of Canada, seeking a site for a power development, chose Chilko Lake,

a hundred and fifty miles north of Vancouver. But when the company asked for authority to build hydro-electric installations, both the provincial and federal governments said no—Chilko is a salmon-spawning lake feeding into the Fraser. Alcan had to go another two hundred miles farther north to Tahtsa Lake for power.

Then two years ago American power companies on the lower Columbia began petitioning the B. C. government for more water from Canada to increase their hydro-electric power. The government was on the point of saying yes to the Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation—by building a dam at Mica Creek on the Columbia in Canada—when the federal government stepped in. It passed the International Rivers Act and usurped authority over all exported water.

"We must not give our water away," Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, said at the time. "We must find out if we can use these waters within Canada."

Last year Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, chairman of the Canadian section of the International Joint Commission which regulates international waterways, took up Howe's invitation and

suggested that water from the Columbia in Canada be diverted for an all-Canadian power project. That opened the tap for the present gushing controversy.

Following McNaughton's suggestion, Hon. Jean Lesage, Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources, hired a Vancouver firm, B. C. Engineering Company, to survey dam sites on the Columbia, Thompson and Fraser rivers for the federal government. Almost simultaneously the Moran Power Development Company consulted the provincial government about a site on the Fraser for its huge dam. The two outfits came out publicly about the same time with their blueprints on what to do with the Fraser.

Thus in the middle of last summer, when they should have been enjoying their holidays, fishermen—mustered by the Fisheries Association of B. C., comprising thirteen major fishing companies operating twenty canneries—found themselves in a knock-down, drag-out battle for first rights on the Fraser with two large and influential power companies sponsored by federal and provincial governments. They quickly gathered allies of their own.

Tom Reid, a crusty, bagpipe-playing senator from New Westminster who is secretary of the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission, a U. S.-Canadian agency that tries to conserve salmon by regulating the catch, started a campaign in the press and on public platforms, insisting on "Hands off the Fraser." At the same time he released a damaging broadside against the federal government: the B. C. Engineering Company, he pointed out, is a subsidiary of the privately owned B. C. Power Corporation; yet it received a

\$250,000 grant from the federal government to survey dam sites that the B. C. Power Corporation proposed to use.

"This means," Reid wrote to Jean Lesage, "that your department is now spending public funds having power sites investigated for a private organization . . . This is astounding."

Reid also mustered expert opinion to support the proposition that dams on the Fraser would mean the end of the sockeye and other famous breeds of salmon. In a 102-page report Joe Whitmore, director of the federal Department of Fisheries branch in Vancouver, produced convincing arguments, graphs and diagrams predicting the salmon's doom.

The B. C. Fish and Game Council, which estimates that game fishermen spend nineteen million dollars a year in the province, five million of it angling for salmon, also joined the crusade.

The gist of most arguments against the dams was that electric power can be derived from sources other than the Fraser, but that the bulk of the B. C. salmon catch cannot. Five species of salmon—sockeye, coho, pink, spring and chum—spawn in the river and its tributaries. They hatch in gravel beds up to seven hundred miles upstream. When they are between two and six inches long they migrate in millions to the Pacific Ocean. After two to six years, driven by a sex urge, the five percent that escape deep-sea predators go back to their fresh-water birthplace.

In the summer and fall each year, homecoming females lay eggs in the same gravel bed where they were born. Accompanying males fertilize the eggs. The next spring, or the spring thereafter—depending on their size—the young fish go down again to the sea,



Could the Fraser salmon reach their spawning grounds over this network of hydro dams?

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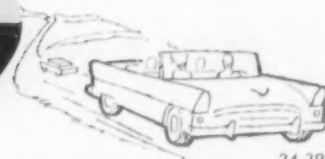


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With electric shock, chain curtains and mirrors scientists try to steer the salmon into fishways

and the cycle of life resumes. But it is the exact timing of the cycle that has created fears for the salmon's survival if the timing is interrupted.

When railroad engineers were blasting in Hell's Gate canyon more than forty years ago they loosed a rockslide that partly plugged the Fraser and turned it into a raging waterway, too difficult for most fish to swim against. The effect of this blast was to reduce the salmon catch by three quarters. Since 1945 fish ladders designed by the Seattle engineer, Milo Bell, have enabled hundreds of thousands more salmon to negotiate the slide and the salmon catch has increased steadily.

But the ladders at Hell's Gate delay the salmon only an estimated four days. Even if they could get up the ladders or elevators of the proposed new B. C. dams they would take at least an extra two weeks to handle the four dams on the Fraser and perhaps three weeks on the Thompson. A salmon arriving even twelve days late at the spawning ground has little chance of reproducing. There are other factors too, according to Lloyd Royal, director of the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission. "A difference of five degrees in water temperature can kill millions of eggs," he points out. "Too strong a water flow can wash away the eggs. The balance of factors is so delicate that I doubt the fish would survive the unnatural conditions."

How to get those that do survive downstream is another problem. Recently scientists employed by the Salmon Commission conducted experiments with a quarter million young salmon at a 280-foot dam on the Skagit River. Thirty percent of those sent through the turbines were minced. Of those sent over the spillways, which carry water over a dam, sixty percent were smashed to death on rocks or by smashing into the face of the dam.

At the Pacific Biological Station in Nanaimo Dr. J. R. Brett, a young biologist, is studying ways to guide salmon into fishways. He has found some can be repelled by light, some by dyes or smells. He has turned others with electric shock, but a shock that doesn't harm one fish may kill another. He has even tried a curtain of hanging chains. Brett's strangest experiment has been with mirrors. Salmon advance in flank rather than single file

and tend to back up when they lose sight of companions. Underwater, Brett places two mirrors; the fish sees his reflection and thinks he's swimming in company.

"But," says Brett, "conditions in a still pool are different than at the top or bottom of a dam. We're not ready yet to apply such experiments."

The proposed seven-hundred-foot Moran dam drives scientists such as Brett to despair. The Moran company has said it will install elevators to raise the salmon. The idea is that the salmon would swim into a submerged tank, be raised and then placed on a truck. At a convenient spot upstream the fish would be released again to the Fraser. But how to lift three quarters of a million salmon a day up the huge dam during the spawning season poses staggering problems to engineers as well as scientists. And the Moran company hasn't revealed how it intends to look after all the young salmon going to the sea.

"Use non-salmon rivers first"

Today the power companies, faced with evidence that the fight for the Fraser may not be short nor the settlement peaceful, are making some attempts at compromise with the fishing associations and their sympathizers. Last January A. E. Grauer, president of the B. C. Power Corporation, announced a grant of fifty thousand dollars to the University of British Columbia to investigate devices that might allow power to exist with salmon on the Fraser. After the B. C. Power Commission looked into twenty-five power sites last summer T. H. Crosby, the commission's chairman, said nine had been ruled out because they were salmon-spawning routes.

But what if no devices are discovered to move the fish up and down the river? James Sinclair, the federal Minister of Fisheries, declared six months ago that the federal government would not permit dams until the safety of the salmon can be guaranteed. He told the power companies to build dams on non-salmon rivers such as the Columbia. By the time such river power is used up, he said, "we shall be in the atomic age using atomic power."

As if anticipating such objections, the B. C. Power Corporation is already



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"If it weren't payday, I wouldn't even go to the office."

installing a plant to generate electric power by using natural gas. Two B. C. Power engineers are at Chalk River studying developments in the application of nuclear energy.

At the B. C. Natural Resources Conference in Victoria last February Dr. G. M. Volkoff, physics professor at UBC, urged Canada not to let her abundant resources of hydro-electricity blind her to the promise in her resources of uranium. He said that by 1970 the United Kingdom will be generating half her electricity by atomic power. Meanwhile, Canada, over-satisfied with her hydro potential, is being dilatory in developing her atomic potential. "If we are not careful," said Volkoff, "we will find ourselves sending raw uranium abroad for processing into fuel and buying it back in the form of complete power plants from the United Kingdom and the United States."

On the other hand, are B. C.'s big fishing companies, thirteen grouped in the powerful B. C. Fisheries Association, being self-satisfied about their sinecure in salmon? Last year R. E. Foerster, a scientist at the Pacific Biological Station in Nanaimo, told the B. C. Natural Resources Conference it was time fishermen stopped cuddling up to the coast and went out to sea for fish.

"Compared to Japan, the Scandinavian countries and Great Britain," he said, "we aren't utilizing all the products available in the ocean." There are two hundred and fifty species of edible fish off British Columbia, yet fishermen concentrate on less than a tenth of them.

There is also the growing industrial clamor for hydro power to be reckoned with—and the permanent wealth that lies in the waterways as a power source. Recently the B. C. Power Commission estimated that if all of B. C.'s twenty million potential electric horsepower were harnessed it would be worth almost half a billion dollars a year at today's rates. This of course would not include the pre-eminently greater value of industries that would be operated by such power.

Even if the Canadian salmon catch from the Fraser were doubled it would fetch only a hundred million dollars a year. (The American catch of Fraser sockeye is about the same as the Canadian; the catch is regulated by international agreement.) Thus, in dollars and cents, salmon scarcely is a match for power.

But, as E. L. Harrison, the vice-chairman of the B. C. Fisheries Association, points out: "Salmon is a food, as good as beef. It would be criminal to sacrifice it."

Today, although the conflict still rages in political lobbies, on public platforms and in the press, there is a growing disposition to be reasonable about the problem of what to do with the Fraser. Because of the dimensions of the dilemma, the power companies and the fishing interests involved are being drawn closer. Scientists such as Milo Bell, Lloyd Royal and Dr. A. W. H. Needler, the director of the federal government's Pacific Biological Station at Nanaimo, are exchanging ideas and technical knowledge to design fishways and hatcheries that might help solve the problem.

The emphasis is more on fish and power and less on fish *versus* power.

Five months ago Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, the Canadian chairman on the International Joint Commission, reflected this changed attitude when he said: "My conviction is that this problem will yield. Once people get their minds on it new avenues of research will open up. Its importance to British Columbia and Canada is so great that it *must* yield." ★

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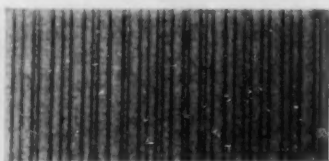
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Where we've gone wrong on defense continued from page 23

"Western democracies have a black record in aligning military preparations with realities"

contend. Stemming from Cromwell's summary treatment of parliament in the earliest history of parliamentary government, is the inherent distrust of the politician for the military leader. This distrust creates a foundation of quicksand on which to build solutions to problems quite intricate and difficult enough in themselves. A further rift in outlook derives from training and experience in the contrasting fields of politics and war, which could hardly be more different. Napoleon's dictum, "You can ask me for anything you like, except time," is ingrained in the military leader. He learns by indoctrination and experience that, standing alone, he must make hard decisions, that vacillation and postponement of decision is the most certain road to military disaster, and that success is both the sole criterion of the soundness of his judgment and the base on which rests ultimately the morale and loyalty of his followers. The soldier asks no more of the fates and Providence than that his decision shall prove right.

John Buchan, the first Lord Tweedsmuir, has written, "The special interest of the soldier's achievement is that it is accomplished in a medium of exceptional stress and strain. The poet and the thinker work at ease with words and thoughts; the soldier's material is the intractable stuff of living humanity. The statesman, no doubt, has also for his material human beings, but he has leisure and the opportunity of retrieving mistakes. The soldier alone leads a life of perpetual crisis. He is fighting always against time, and a false step can rarely be retraced."

The democratic politician, in his sphere, lives in an atmosphere of compromise. He must balance the demands of the national interest against the pressures of his electors, pressures of individuals and groups with special interests in particular aspects of national administration and pressures from fellow politicians whose local popularity may be affected by measures under contemplation. The politician cannot be satisfied to be right—it is almost more important to him to appear not to be wrong, and he cannot accept too long a lapse of time before that desirable state of affairs becomes apparent to the public.

Before reaching a conclusion the politician likes to "put out feelers" and "test public reaction," though this practice tends to give noisy minorities an influence far beyond their real importance. In such an atmosphere decision is shunned whenever possible or postponed until events make postponement no longer practicable, and then made only after the support of colleagues has been sought and assured. Time is quite unimportant and the rightness of a decision (such as a cut in taxation) in its long-term repercussions may be quite secondary to the immediate popularity with which it may be received at the time it is announced. (It is both surprising and depressing to note how the public will go again and again for this same old tired piece of bait!)

Whatever the causes, in recent history, popular governments of the Western democracies have a black record when it comes to aligning military means and preparations with the

stark realities of world politics. This stricture applies whether military preparedness has related to providing a deterrent against the outbreak of war, capability to wage war when war has become clearly inevitable, or to secure the fruits of military victory at the end of war. The explanation may perhaps be found in the words of George Schwartz, deputy city editor of the London Sunday Times: "It is a persistent delusion of the human race that government is composed of men who take a longer view of its destinies than do the governed themselves."

"This might be true if government was composed of statesmen. It is not. It is predominantly composed of politicians, and the hallmark of politicians is expediency. They do not view the distant scene. One step is enough for them, provided it gets them round the next corner."

"One result is that their temporary expedients tend to grow into vast incubuses which fasten around the neck of the body politic like old men of the sea. After a certain point the attempt to shake off an incubus would create such a convulsion that the politician hastens to represent it as part of the established order of things, and in some cases actually to claim credit for its persistence and magnitude."

Whispers and bitterness

In Canada, on more than one occasion, when military views of what was necessary have come in conflict with political views of what was desirable, certain politicians and sections of the press have raised the bogey of military leaders, or a so-called "military junta" attempting to usurp political powers. There never has been any foundation whatsoever for such fantasies. They represent one of the most outrageous hoaxes ever inflicted upon an unsuspecting public, and Canadian political twisting at its worst and most degrading.

But with all the complications and the difficulties of conflicting background and experiences, statesmen and military leaders in Britain did combine in a highly effective team to prosecute World War II to a successful conclusion. There is plenty of evidence of hard argument and disagreement founded upon honest differences of view, both between military leaders themselves and between them and their political masters. But when victory ended their association, the statesmen and heads of the armed services who had worked together in this team dispersed in an atmosphere of harmony and mutual respect. This was in sharp contrast to the bitterness, whispered recriminations and public aspersion that characterized the association of politicians and service chiefs in the closing stages of Canada's war effort. No doubt personalities contributed to these differences in relationships, but sound organization on the one hand and a lack of it on the other also played its part.

It is therefore profitable to look at certain basic principles and safeguards embodied in the machinery for direction and co-ordination of defense, as devised by the United Kingdom, before making a critical examination of Canadian defense machinery. The United States also developed a very potent



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politico-military team, but our Canadian system of parliamentary government parallels that of the United Kingdom, while there are wide constitutional differences between Canadian and United States systems of government. Obvious ones are the fact that in the United States the president is the constitutional head of the armed services, and political heads of departments of governmental administration are responsible to the president and not directly responsible to the legislature.

The most important principles governing politico-military relationships and the formulation of defense policy in the United Kingdom, may be summarized as follows:

First, the right and duty of government to make decisions on all matters of national policy must be inviolate, and the political responsibility of ministers to parliament must be maintained. This was, and is, assured by discussion and the taking of all important decisions in war cabinet or cabinet defense committee. In this committee, in the United Kingdom, the Chiefs of Staff present the military case themselves and not through any intermediary. Very few could question the proposition that the personality of Sir Winston Churchill, as prime minister and minister of defense, made a vital contribution to the successful functioning of the United Kingdom defense machine during World War II. But it is worth noting that in the early 1930s, when danger clouds on the horizon reawakened interest in the subject of defense, there was widespread discussion in both Houses of Parliament, in the columns of *The Times* and in service journals, of the need of organization for higher direction, and that the system initiated by Churchill when he became prime minister in 1940 was that advocated by the more experienced of the contributors to this earlier debate.

One of the major points that developed during the argument revolved around the pros and cons of having a minister of defense. Ex-cabinet ministers, ex-Chiefs of Staff and many others with a wide experience of military affairs contributed to the argument and the consensus of the most experienced opinions maintained that only the prime minister could properly fulfill the role of a minister of defense.

It was argued logically that in war, or in a period of emergency that might lead to war, the prosecution of war itself or preparations for it, became the most important business of the nation. If some minister other than the prime minister was given the necessary authority and power to fulfill adequately the role and duties of a minister of defense, by the very nature of things he would very soon overshadow the prime minister himself. If a minister of defense was not given adequate power, the defense requirements of the nation would not be prosecuted with the despatch called for in the circumstances of an emergency. This point is emphasized now because it is very questionable whether the same arguments do not apply to the present period of "cold war," when defense and related measures for dealing with Communist aggression loom so large in the affairs of government and expenditure of public funds.

The second most important principle governing the formulation of defense policy in the United Kingdom is this: military advice, the balancing of the practicability of military projects against military means, and responsibility for execution are inseparable. This was assured by making the Chiefs of Staff Committee, composed of the executive head of each of the three armed services, the body responsible for scrutinizing military projects and pre-

sending military advice. The Director of Combined Operations and Director of Defense Research were associated with the Chiefs of Staff Committee, which would call upon them for views and advice, but military advice was presented to the prime minister and the government through the war cabinet, rested with the three responsible military heads alone.

Thus it will be observed that this politico-military team was formed by the interlocking of two groups with clear and heavy responsibilities to temper their decisions and judgments. On the political side ministers had to discharge their constitutional responsibilities through parliament to the nation for the conduct of defense. On the military side the Chiefs of Staff, as executive heads of their services, were responsible for the end result in the military field—a sound assurance that the reconciliation of military projects and commitments and military means were kept in step.

In all the fields of human endeavor there is none in which it is more important that there should exist the governing restraint of clear-cut responsibility, than in the military field. Every individual seems to feel qualified to give profound military advice, and any irresponsible idea that suggests that the same result can be achieved with less money or fewer men is grist to the mill of political expediency.

Who is the "expert"?

Politicians and their supporters will extol the intellectual virtue of such an "expert" in contrast to the established stupidity of the professional "brass." Yet it is a distinguished scientist, Dr. Vannevar Bush, and not a professional serviceman who, in referring to the planning and execution of the invasion and reconquest of Europe in World War II, has said: "It should dispose of the idea, for a long time to come, that, when it comes to tackling arduous and hazardous problems in a comprehensive and intelligent manner, there is anything seriously wrong with the military mind or the military life that molds it."

Some sections of our press very frequently proclaim "civilian-mindedness" as a great virtue in service chiefs, but if hard and objective military thinking based upon both long study and experience is not to be injected at the Chief of Staff level, how is it ever going to find its way into our defense planning? It will not and it does not. The majority of Canadians may consider this an unnecessary luxury (though history does not support them in their belief), but if they do there is no sense in paying large salaries to redundant "military advisers."

Since the end of World War II, governments in the United Kingdom have introduced two changes in their organization for direction and control of defense matters. Shortly after the war a minister of defense was introduced as a separate cabinet post to that of prime minister. Lacking the necessary powers, as pointed out above when the post was first discussed, this innovation failed to achieve the desired results in terms of defense co-ordination. They have recently introduced a permanent chairman, Chiefs of Staff. The writer has no knowledge of the exact terms of reference of this permanent chairman or any consequential changes in the responsibilities of the three Chiefs of Staff as executive heads of their services, but predicts this, once again, will not provide the answer being sought, and the British may well live to rue the day they made this change.

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novations; so was the writer until he gained first-hand experience of the system at work, which wrought a radical change of view. However, the British have one very important safeguard: each service is still represented in parliament by a political head.

It remains to examine the Canadian system against this background of established experience. At the cost of repetition it is necessary to stress once again that this is not an attempt to advocate any infringement on, or qualification of, the absolute right of ministers and the government to make decisions on matters of national policy—defense or otherwise. But on the subject of defense the problem is not one of attempting to devise ways of enabling the military to encroach upon political prerogatives, but of getting politicians to face the unpleasant duty of making realistic decisions.

Defense is expensive and unpopular. There is, therefore, the great temptation to indulge in wishful thinking and to skimp, hoping that events may so turn as to render unnecessary this or that measure of defense, and thus to postpone a decision beyond the eleventh hour. There is also the tendency to blend the stark needs of defense with other national activities in an attempt to make them more acceptable. Thus the navy and the air force, which sustain a large sector of the shipbuilding and aircraft industries (the latter existing almost entirely upon defense expenditures for research, development and construction), are encouraged to embark on new projects, without too searching a consideration of whether what is being researched, developed or constructed necessarily represents the most valuable contribution to defense in the longer term.

"Power without responsibility"

Thus, having regard to its timing, the wisdom of embarking upon the development of the CF-105 fighter is open to serious military objections. It should be abundantly clear by now that the ground-to-air missile offers the only prospect of eventually counterbalancing the existing ascendancy of the offensive in terms of aerial warfare. If, as many believe, there may be a dangerous time gap to be covered by some form of defense, after existing fighters are obsolete and before a really reliable ground-to-air guided missile is available in operational quantities, then it would have been both more sensible and economical to have adopted a prototype fighter developed by the U. S. or Britain as a gap-filler rather than to embark on an expensive venture of our own, the product of which at best will have a very short, if any, useful operational life. The combined vested interests of the air force, the aircraft industry and defense research scientists, burning with zeal to participate in a project they could call their own, coupled with the known desire of ministers to maintain a defense effort with a strict manpower ceiling, swept aside any opposition to this venture.

"Power without responsibility" is the theme that permeates the whole Canadian organization for the higher direction and control of defense.

The Canadian Chiefs of Staff Committee is "packed" to protect the government against the receipt of unpalatable advice, rather than present the military case objectively and fearlessly on its merits. The deputy minister of national defense, the permanent chairman, Chiefs of Staff and the chairman of the Defense Research Board are all members of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, yet none of these has any definite responsibility either to parlia-

ment on the one hand or for the end result as represented in the operational capability of each service on the other.

It is difficult enough to get agreement among the three service Chiefs of Staff when they are each competing for a share of the same financial allocation and pool of manpower. This leaves ample scope for the deputy minister, the chairman, Chiefs of Staff and the chairman of the Defense Research Board to ride their own hobbyhorses and favor this or that service on a *quid pro quo* basis. As long as they act as a buffer between their political master and unpalatable advice, they can shift onto the executive head of one or more of the three armed services the responsibility for shortcomings should a day of reckoning come.

The army was not alone at fault in the maladministration that gave rise to investigations leading to the Currie Report. There were conspicuous shortcomings in the civil side of the defense department, not the least of which was the practice of writing administrative regulations and denying to the army both the numbers and categories of personnel needed to put them into effect. Nor were the quartermaster-general and most of his senior departmental heads, in office during the investigations, serving in that capacity at the time that evil practices were allowed to prevail. There was never any hint or suggestion from those who had been serving in the top ranks of the army at the time the scandals took place that they should consider tendering their resignations. They were content to connive at the public distraction of ridiculing the army.

This might not have been of any great importance, except that these events occurred at a time when the Canadian Army was deeply committed in Korea, was desperately short of the right type of junior officer, was doing its utmost and expending a great deal of effort and money to recruit the right type of young men to its ranks. The intelligent young man of integrity is

disinclined to join an organization that is being publicly ridiculed as steeped in corruption and incompetence.

As often as not the efforts of these intermediaries are directed toward "dividing and conquering," to having their own views prevail, rather than promoting harmony between the three services. The result is that there is no co-ordinated effort to evolve a sound and comprehensive defense policy to which the requirements of each service can be related, but rather the acceptance of any concept that seems most nearly to justify measures predetermined by political expediency and avoid coming face to face with the issue of manpower planning.

"A bias toward gadgetry"

The existence of the Permanent Joint Board on Defense adds further confusion to the direction of our military affairs. This organization came into being during the period of World War II when Canada was a belligerent and the United States was still neutral, and at that time was a useful instrument for obtaining some co-ordination of measures for North American defense. Now it simply acts as a barrier to closer liaison between the Canadian and U. S. Chiefs of Staff, and is redundant insofar as its military activities are concerned. But the chairman has a more ready access to senior cabinet ministers than have the Chiefs of Staff. Whatever the terms of reference may be, many of the expressed views of ministers bear the unmistakable imprint of the influence of an intellect more remarkable for its bias toward pseudoscience and gadgetry, than for its record of sound military judgment.

The Mid-Canada Line with its "McGill Fence" equipment could be justified as a stopgap measure if there should occur an appreciable time lag between its completion and the completion of the Dewline. It is difficult to understand what useful part it can ful-



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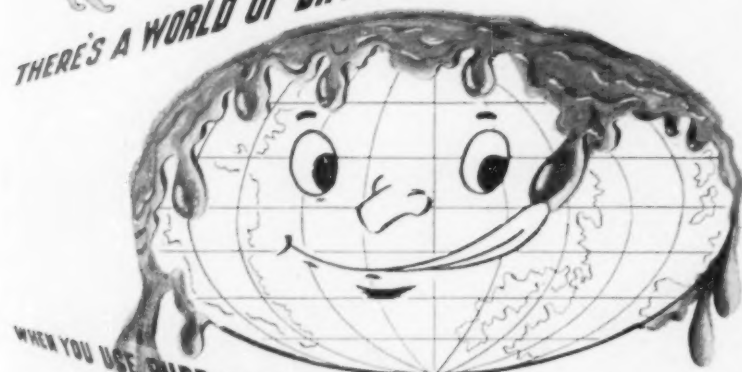


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fill in a defense system based upon guided missiles, which is a "must" of the not-distant future, if an even adequate defense is to be provided against offensive air power. The United States has pressed the construction of the Dewline with such vigor that it is for serious consideration whether the arguments for construction of the Mid-Canada Line were not powerfully influenced by a desire to put to use gadgetry evolved in Canada at considerable effort, rather than considerations of what would provide the best defense, most capable of adaptation to new weapons as they evolved.

It is for government to decide the military commitments of the nation and it is for government to decide what military establishment the nation is to maintain. If these do not come into balance, commitments should be cut (if they are by nature susceptible to this choice), military establishments brought up to what is necessary to meet them, or there should be a definite political decision that, having regard to its assessment of circumstances of the time, the government accepts the risks involved in not bringing the situation into balance. But there is reluctance to cut commitments on the ground of international repercussions, reluctance to take action to bring military establishments to a level commensurate with commitments because this may require unpopular measures, and reluctance to go on the historical record as accepting the risks involved in having the gap unfilled. A chief of staff whose service comes out on the wrong side of the balance may be manoeuvred into a position where he becomes the signatory of a bad cheque—a principle conspirator in conniving at the deception of his own countrymen and allies.

Bottleneck at the top

From a galaxy of military opinions, with a top-heavy Chiefs of Staff Committee, half of whose members cannot be labeled with responsibility for the end result, there can always be found some "expert adviser" who can see some favored project of his own to be advantaged by supporting a device that will enable political masters to escape from their dilemma. Thus little dodging expediences grow into vast incubuses and huge sums of money are committed on a "defense policy" that has never been thought through in all its ramifications and consequences, and is no more than a ramshackle expensive patchwork.

In recent years the civilian branches of the Department of National Defense have been reorganized on a "horizontal" basis, with sections dealing with all three services under a common subject heading. Thus, for instance, one section of the deputy minister's staff will deal with construction projects of all three services. This organization, with a single defense minister, can never stand up to the strain of a sudden major emergency. Even in normal times the efficient administration of an armed service is handicapped by the bottleneck at the top; in even day-to-day routine, the minister of defense has too much of a load, yet this cannot be avoided without greater decentralization in matters where the government wishes to retain political control. Details that should be handled expeditiously often are delayed for weeks, and the only comfort a Chief of Staff can get from repeated enquiries is that the particular item is "getting near the top" of the accumulated pile of files. In a real crisis this whole machine would come to a grinding shuddering halt.

Good military organization, which will always function in skeleton and at

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slow speed in "normal" times, must be designed so that it can almost instantaneously switch into top gear; no other organization is so likely to have to adjust itself from low load to a very heavy peak load in a minimum lapse of time. It would be extravagant folly to maintain continuously in being in peacetime the full machinery needed in an extreme national emergency, but the framework should be right, so that transition, if needed, can be quickly and smoothly effected. The civilian branch of the Canadian defense machine would have to be taken apart and put together again before it could begin to function effectively in a major crisis. Tri-service co-ordination is more important today than at any time in history, but this can be assured by the work of interbranch committees and still correct a situation in which priorities can be determined very largely by the sequence in which junior civil servants arrange the order of their work.

Some of the civil servants in the defense department are excellent in every respect. While making a real effort to understand service problems, they stick strictly to their own last of ensuring that spending is kept within the limits and confined to the purposes for which monies were voted, and that general administration is as efficient as conditions allow. But there are also some, who from years of poring over service tables and figures at an office desk, have convinced themselves they have become military experts, have their own views on defense and strategy and are determined to use what means they have at their disposal to enforce their views.

This they are able to do by manipulation of the machine. When cash is voted for expenditure in a given financial year, it lapses unless material can be delivered within that period. By the time estimates are approved, unless contract demands are cleared expeditiously, there is not enough time in which to examine tenders, let contracts, and get delivery before the end of the current financial year. The cash lapses, and a service goes without some part of its material or equipment needed to round out its approved program. The services make due allowance for this process in estimating cash requirements for the next financial year. But if contract demands are inordinately delayed, by requests for more information, requests that they be framed differently, by challenges as to whether they are in sympathy with policy where they clearly are, or other devices for stalling, cash lapses and the service program is short of its forecasted progress. And this process gives power to the more junior civil servant to push those things his own ideas favor and retard those of which he does not wholly approve, while having once again no responsibility for the consequences that may accrue. A casual examination of the result will leave the impression that the service affected has been guilty of slovenly estimating, and submitting to the temptation to ask for more money than it needs or can properly spend.

To what extent these delays are imposed by ministerial direction, the writer is not in a position to say. Certainly the government should continue to control a service program during the run of any financial year. But this control should be exercised by a clearly defined decision of government and not in a manner that makes it appear on the record as a direct failure of the service concerned to achieve the state of readiness planned and approved for it, because of slipshod administration within that service itself. Such devices and practice encourage irresponsibility instead of responsibility, all along the line. ★

How they're solving the mystery of your memory

Continued from page 28

tested his memory by learning a twenty-one-digit number—624706845-986193261841—in 4.43 seconds.

New information will be easier to remember if you relate it to material that's already familiar. Also, if you repeat a new idea—a name, a poem, a procedure—over and over it becomes a permanent part of your memory.

Experiment with learning methods until you find the one that suits you best. For instance, Barry Morse, a Toronto television actor, memorizes long parts in an incredibly short time by reading his lines aloud because he finds that the spoken word has special impact for him.

Many commercial "success" schools

offer special courses in memory training. The Dale Carnegie Institute, for instance, teaches students to remember a list of objects by using an elaborate code of numbers linked with rhyming key words and absurd mind pictures. The key words for the first five numbers are one—run, two—zoo, three—tree, four—door, five—hive. Suppose the first item on your list is coffee, the second cigarettes. You mentally connect "one" with "run" and picture a merry-go-round running round and round, with each painted horse carrying saddlebags filled with coffee beans.

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Your next key, "two-zoo," calls up a picture of a gigantic monkey in a cage, throwing handfuls of cigarettes through the bars to a crowd of people outside.

To remember names, Carnegie suggests an association with a physical characteristic (Mr. Whiting has white hair) or, for difficult names, a ludicrous mental image of the person using objects suggested by the syllables of his name. Mr. Wacławski, for instance, is dressed as a Wac, mounted on skis and carrying a law book.

Even when we use tricks of association to stimulate our memory's re-

sponse, we find that the arbitrary fragments of information that come drifting through our minds aren't always the recollections we summoned. Why do you remember the name of a man you met once ten years ago and forget your mother's birthday? Why do answers elude you during an examination and return to haunt you when it's over? Why can some people remember in detail events long past, while others have trouble recalling what happened yesterday? Why do most of us find it difficult to remember more than a few isolated scenes from

the first few years of our lives? Why do you sometimes experience a sudden shock of "recognition" in a strange place and wonder, "Have I been here before?" Experts can give answers to all these questions, but the central problem of memory—how it works—is still unsolved.

Since it's generally agreed that the mind is in the brain, your memory equipment must be housed in the three-pound mass of rubbery pinkish-grey matter inside your skull. Your brain is composed of about ten billion nerve cells which control all the activi-

ties of your body and mind by transmitting—or failing to transmit—electrical impulses. Your eyes, ears, nose and skin are constantly gathering impressions from the world around you and sending them to your brain. Each new sensation produces electrical impulses that flow from nerve cell to nerve cell, causing each cell to fire in a series of chain reactions. The passage of each impulse traces a pattern in the cells, like the wiggled groove on a phonograph record. The ceaseless flow of sensations through your brain produces the mental tape recording we call memory.

The amount of information your brain handles makes this recording process incredibly complex. Since your nervous system sends an estimated ten thousand bits of information to your brain every second, it may receive fifteen trillion impulses during your lifetime. Some scientists think memory is stored in circular patterns of nerve cells which use past experience to modify present behavior in a manner analogous to the feedback system of an electronic computing machine. Others maintain that memory is so complex that its operation must pervade the whole brain in a way that we don't yet understand.

As evidence for this viewpoint, psychiatrists cite the experiments of Dr. Karl Lashley, of Harvard University, who trained rats to run through a maze and then destroyed various parts of their cerebral cortex, the soft outer layer of the brain. He discovered that, no matter what part of the brain was removed, the animals remembered their course through the maze, although their efficiency was reduced in proportion to the amount of brain tissue destroyed.

Memories don't stay put

Dr. D. C. Williams, professor of psychology at the University of Toronto, compares Lashley's theory of brain operation to the hydraulic braking system of a car. "If you drain a quarter of the brake fluid from the system, the efficiency of the whole system is reduced by twenty-five percent," Dr. Williams explains. "You don't find that the braking power disappears from one wheel while the other three work perfectly."

Your mental tape recording is further complicated by the fact that your memory traces don't stay put once they have been laid down, like the grooves on a record. Instead, they are constantly changing as fresh impulses carve new channels and old traces combine in new ways. You'll find that your memory of any event is altered by time, and particularly by the way you feel, emotionally as well as physically.

What you remember depends to a large extent on what sort of person you are. If your memory is poor, you probably aren't noticing things accurately in the first place. You perceive and remember best the things that have most meaning for you. Intelligent people with lively curiosity have memories packed with information about thousands of subjects. At the other end of the memory scale is the idiot-savant, an otherwise untalented person who can memorize long lists of numbers, dates or hockey scores. Psychiatrists explain this uncanny ability as an abnormal personality kink, a hoarding tendency that makes its owner concentrate on one narrow subject.

Memory is selective—we remember things not as they happened, but as we interpreted them. This is why two people who share an experience may give entirely different accounts of it



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afterward. After the bank robbery and killing that led to the controversial trial of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts in the Twenties, several witnesses described the getaway car, but each of them "remembered" a car of a different make and color. When John Labatt, the London, Ont., brewer, was kidnapped by three gunmen in 1934, he had been taking a memory course that enabled him to recall almost every object in a room after one glance. Yet he erroneously identified as one of his kidnappers David Meisner, a Kentucky man who was able to prove he hadn't participated in the crime. Labatt's mistaken "recognition" of Meisner was especially remarkable because Meisner had a noticeable physical deformity, a milky-white cataract of the left eye.

To show how each person's memory is conditioned by his interests, Dr. Mary Northway, of the Institute of Child Study in Toronto, made an experiment with two classes, one at a girls' private school and one at a public school in a slum district. She told both classes a story that referred to things important to the private-school girls, such as school spirit, uniforms and basketball games, and other things familiar to the poorer children, such as playing in the street. Later she asked each child to write as much of the story as she could remember. The difference between the slum-school and private-school versions was startling because the children forgot the unfamiliar references and remembered only the items that had meaning for them.

Dr. Northway used another experiment to demonstrate how imagination shapes our memories into a consistent pattern. To a class of small children she read a story about a boy who lived on a farm. Afterward the children "remembered" the color of the boy's house, the name of his horse and other details that hadn't been included in the original story. "We see things not as they are, but as we are," she says.

The things we forget are just as revealing as the things we remember. Freud, the first great map maker of the mind, pointed out that we lock the doors of our conscious intelligence against disturbing memories. Like an oyster covering up an irritating grain of sand, we bury our feelings of guilt and inadequacy under memories more flattering to our egos. Although many of Freud's ideas have been discarded by later investigators, his theory of repression is generally accepted by modern psychoanalysts in modified form.

"Freud began his work in the nineteenth century, so most of the repressions he encountered had their source in Victorian prudery about sex," Dr. Northway explains. "In these days when sex is more frankly discussed, our buried memories are just as likely to involve other socially unacceptable urges such as fear and hostility." Confined to the unconscious substratum of our minds, these dangerous thoughts sometimes create havoc. Psychiatric treatment attempts to retrieve them so that we can work through them and thus drain away their emotional content.

Though our habit of forgetting the unpleasant parts of our experiences sometimes leads to trouble, it has its useful side as well. The past looks golden in retrospect because we remember the happy things, according to Dr. Albert Rose, a Toronto sociologist who interviewed a number of families who had been moved from a slum to a low-rental apartment project. Finding they couldn't remember much about conditions in the slum, he reported, "I don't think it was only a matter of their wanting to forget the past. I think the new morale of living in

pleasant apartments had genuinely driven out the recollection of the bad old days."

According to Freud, you may forget a promise or an appointment because you unconsciously don't want to keep it. An accountant in Windsor, Ont., ruefully tells how his teen-age daughter lost an admirer through the application of this principle. When the lad forgot a date, the girl wailed, "If you cared about me, you'd have remembered." Her beau, a logical fellow, decided that she was right; since he'd forgotten, he obviously didn't care for her.

Another Freudian theory involved the phenomenon of *déjà vu*, that eerie illusion that we're experiencing something for the second time, even though we know that the situation is new to us. "In such moments," Freud claimed, "something is really touched that we have already experienced, only we cannot recall the latter because it never was conscious. In short, the feeling of *déjà vu* corresponds to the memory of an unconscious fantasy." As an example he quoted one of his patients, who remembered being taken as a child to visit friends in the country.

As she explored their house and garden, she distinctly felt that she had been there before, although she knew this was impossible. It wasn't the house that gave her this sense of "recognition," Freud said, it was the presence in the house of a sick boy who reminded her of her own brother. Her brother had been seriously ill a few months before; unconsciously she had wanted him to die so that she could monopolize her parents' affection. This guilty hidden wish gradually built up a strong emotional charge in her mind. When she encountered a sick boy in her



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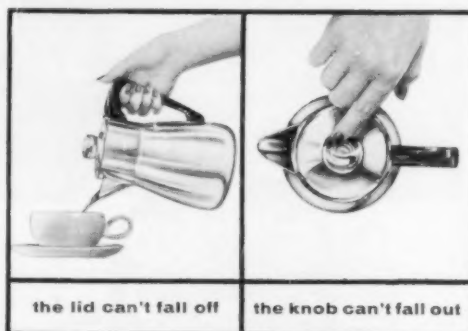
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friends' house the charge was touched off, recalling to her mind the memory of a house closely associated with sickness, but not the memory involving a sick boy, because she still wasn't aware of her own selfish wish.

Later investigators, taking into account the fact that *déjà vu* seems to be more common in emotionally unstable people, agree that it apparently represents a re-encounter with a previous feeling rather than with an actual experience. A person who suffers from a certain type of epilepsy is often haunted by the feeling that an important memory is lurking just out of reach at the back of his mind.

Recently the treatment of epilepsy has sparked a spectacular memory discovery by Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute. Epilepsy, which seems to involve a short circuit of the electrical impulses flowing through the nerve cells of the brain, can sometimes be relieved by removal of the diseased area in which the short circuit occurred. To find where to operate, Penfield uses an electric current on the exposed surface of the brain while the epileptic patient, locally anesthetized but fully conscious, reports his sensations as they occur. On the cortex of the temporal lobes, the sections of the brain that lie under the temples, this has occasionally touched off an extraordinary reaction. Suddenly the patient recalls some episode from his past as vividly as if he were reliving it. This memory unrolls before him like a dream complete with all the sights, sounds, smells and emotional connotations of the original experience.

Where do you remember?

This is Penfield's description of the phenomenon: "The memory that is stored in the temporal cortex, whether visual picture, musical piece or significant experience, must have come to the patient's attention before being filed there. The elements of this memory may come from his actual experience, from his reading or from his dreaming. But in each case, the things on which he has focused his mind are the things which may be produced by electrical stimulation."

Although the temporal cortex seems to play an important part in the storage of our memory record, most psychiatrists believe that it doesn't contain the whole secret of memory. In Britain, they point out, a few desperately ill patients have had both temporal lobes surgically removed and their ravaged brains still retain some memories quite well.

A Toronto psychiatrist is currently gathering evidence that the side of the brain that contains our speech equipment—the left side in right-handed people, but either side in left-handed people—records here-and-now impressions, while the opposite side stores earlier memories. Under electrical stimulation of the left side of the brain, right-handed people usually remember recent events; when the electrodes are applied to the right side, they remember incidents from their childhood.

The younger you were when you learned to talk, read and write, the less you are likely to remember of your first five or six years. This is because memory is a brain process, and the way you remember things follows the pattern of your memory development. When you were a small child, for instance, you accepted each sensation as it came along, without thinking about it—so your childhood memories are concrete and visual, little mind-pictures of separate scenes.

When you were about six or eight you began to connect ideas in your mind, to generalize and make sense out

of your experience. The Institute of Child Study in Toronto uses an experiment devised by the Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget to show the age at which we learn to cope with abstract ideas. The experimenter shows a group of children a tall thin glass filled with colored water. While they watch, he pours the water into a short squat glass. "Which glass had more water in it?" he asks. Children under six usually think there was more water in the narrow glass because the liquid reached a higher level there. Older children immediately realize that the amount of water stays the same.

After you learned to generalize in this way your memory improved because you learned to remember one thought by associating it with other thoughts. At the same time you gradually lost much of your ability to remember vivid specific scenes. Most of us, for instance, find that an ability we usually have in childhood—the knack of repeating a passage from a book by visualizing its position on a page—fades as we grow older. People with notable memories, like the late Joseph Noseworthy, CCF member of parliament for York South, who could reel off pages of material after one glance, have usually retained their childhood power of visual imagery to an unusual degree. Dr. Joyce Brothers, the blond psychologist who won sixty-four thousand dollars on a TV quiz show last December, used this sort of photographic mind to memorize scores of books on boxing.

Perhaps one of the most amazing memories of recent times was Thomas Edison's. Once while building a cement plant in New Jersey, the inventor made a six-hour inspection of the entire factory without taking notes. Later he wrote from memory a list of nearly six hundred items seen in his tour, noting as well elaborate changes to be made in the dimensions of all six hundred.

Primitive people often have remarkable memories of the specific sort. Canadian Eskimos can often remember a mechanical operation that has been demonstrated only once. Australian aborigines can remember their ancestry for eight generations back, a process that involves memorizing thousands of names by means of symbols such as birds or animals.

Sometimes, particularly when your power of judgment is lowered by sickness or exhaustion, you'll find that a series of memory pictures flows through your mind. If you've been driving all day, for instance, you may see the road unrolling endlessly before you just as you fall asleep. This phenomenon, called hypnagogic imagery, occurs in an extreme form to victims of some kinds of brain damage. Like a film they can't switch off, their whole lives may pass before their eyes with such a strong emotional impact that they smile and cry and exclaim aloud as though they were actually living through their own past experience.

When you suddenly find you can't remember a fact that should be perfectly familiar to you, you're momentarily experiencing another memory aberration called amnesia, loss of memory. In a more serious form, amnesia may be caused by physical damage to the brain, by shock or by memories too painful to bear. A man found wandering aimlessly in a Quebec railway station was taken to a hospital where he recalled, under hypnosis, the

emotional conflict that had robbed him of his memory. He was thirty-six, unmarried, successful in business but timid in his personal affairs. He had gone to Montreal to see a girl from his home town who worked there. On Saturday night he proposed to her. She accepted. As he went home on the train on Sunday afternoon he suffered a change of heart and was so overwhelmed by misgivings that everything slipped out of his mind including the crucial fact of his own identity.

Although cases like this are rare, most of us find that our memory for

recent events grows poorer as we grow older. Elderly people often say apologetically, "My memory isn't what it used to be." This is true. The brain does deteriorate with age. But many old people forget current happenings simply because they're not interested in them. If old people have peace of mind and good physical care, their memories are apt to be pleasant. Our memories vary with our moods; if we're happy, the past looks happy.

Today we have this power to make our memories happy; tomorrow we may know enough about memory to use it as

a blueprint for the future. If we could somehow comprehend the workings of our own brains, we might control our destinies. Now, when science is only beginning the exploration of the uncharted regions of the mind, memory is still as mysterious as was America to the map makers of the sixteenth century. But, just as we now use the natural resources of this continent, psychiatrists believe that we will some day understand memory so well that we will be able to make full use of the mental tape recording locked inside our brains. ★



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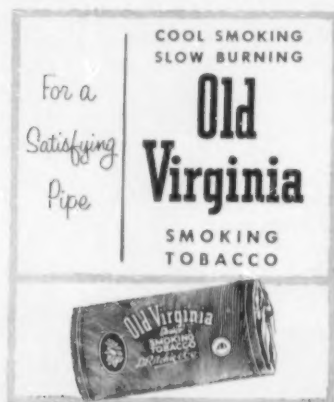
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Mailbag

What makes a loyal Canadian?

Should I Become A Canadian? (April 28), by Klaus Neumann, manages very well to point out the difficulties confronting an immigrant. However, I disagree with Neumann on the issue of loyalty. Certainly, a new immigrant is not necessarily at once an asset to his community. He may become so by his ability to adapt himself to his new surroundings and neighbors, by his willing support of projects undertaken by his community or his church. Only his attitude will determine whether he is to become an asset or remain a liability. This attitude has little to do with his ability to comply with the laws he may find difficult to understand.

Once the immigrant has taken a positive attitude toward his surroundings, he will find himself a part of his new community, and of his new country, to which he cannot fail to develop loyalty.—C. M. Kopp, Kingston, Ont.

• Since our government has invited our new friends could we not treat them as fellow citizens? Surely to regard them as inferiors is neither democratic nor sensible.—Mrs. M. Pierce-Goulding, Ottawa.

• A true story about second-class citizens. Though only a few years ago it was unthinkable that Canadians mix with immigrants socially some improvement has been made. But still we are strangers and not very much liked here.—Toomas Julge, Sudbury, Ont.

• In the U. S. we have met expatriate Canadians who hesitate to become American citizens, even though they expect to stay and work here the rest of their lives. One thinks many times about giving up citizenship.—Mrs. H. Nicholson, Corvallis, Ore.

Hutchison's glowing words

Bruce Hutchison can brush over Saskatchewan with such scant ceremony it lays open his knowledge of Canada and its history to grave question. Where is the mention of our artists, our great progress in nursing and public health?—Mrs. Michael Kopko, Sutherland, Sask.

• We can hardly wait for the next copy of Maclean's to read Bruce Hutchison's interpretation of our provinces, and get in simple and yet glowing words the practical and spiritual visions, differing surprisingly from province to province, of this vigorous nation.—Mrs. S. W. Warren, Chinook, Alberta.

• I am sorry Mr. Hutchison found absolutely no virtue in Social Credit in Alberta... Is Social Credit such a hallucination that we must not accept a word of this glorious truth coming in on all sides about it?—Lawrence T. Higgins, Halifax.

• Unknown Country has been enjoyable, the article on Alberta was excellent, but from a province given to superlatives the picture of our chinook arch is beyond description. My wife

and I, two exiled southern Albertans, are enthusiastic about this scene.—F. Campbell, Edmonton.

What do doctors see?

Your article, What's the Doctor Looking For? (May 12), makes one wonder if there is a doctor who would give such a thorough test. I would very much like to learn of one. I have heard of clinics in the U. S. that give thorough tests, and I have hoped some day to go to one. But it has been my luck to receive the most superficial examinations, or to be sent to a specialist, who will diagnose nothing but his own specialty... Never once have I been given such an examination as you describe.—Laura L. Deane, Toronto.

An ode to a big cheese

Duncan McLeod's interesting story (Ingersoll's Running out of Cheese, April 28) on my favorite food, old



Cheddar, omitted my favorite verse from James McIntyre's Ode to the Mammoth Cheese:

We have seen thee, Queen of Cheese,
Lying idly at thy ease,
Gently fanned by evening breeze,
Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

—Paul A. Gardner, Ottawa.

Can hospitals hurt children?

June Callwood's article, How to Help Your Child Prepare for Hospital (April 28), has caused me to do a great deal of thinking. I am sure that much of the good a hospital does for children physically is offset by the harm it does them mentally—particularly those in the one-to-four-year group. But I cannot see how you could prepare a child for hospital if he could not talk. That group was not discussed.

I believe that if such methods as are advocated by doctors in preparing children for hospital were used in introducing children to nursery school or kindergarten, youngsters might benefit greatly from that too.—S. Burns, Toronto.

• What a relief it must be to a mother if she can remain with her baby when hospitalization is necessary. I worked in the Babies' Hospital, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, where the presence of mothers was welcomed and encouraged. In most cases the mother was sensible



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and ready to give all the help she could to aid the rapid recovery of her child.
—J. Moralee, Don Mills, Ont.

● By all means treat a child entering hospital with every kindness, but this also presents a convenient time to introduce the child to the serenity that comes from self-reliance and realism.
—Yolande S. Perkins, Toronto.

Wanted: a remedy for wheat

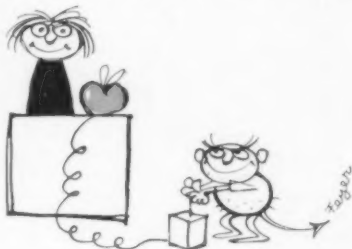
In his article, *Is Wheat Obsolete?*, Blair Fraser points out that where wheat in 1926 formed ten percent of our gross national product, it now forms only three and a half percent. The answer would therefore seem to be that if wheat is not obsolete it is headed in that direction. Having established that point Mr. Fraser, I assumed, would outline some remedies, such as a switch to other crops that are not obsolete.

Instead of facing up to that question, Mr. Fraser devotes almost his entire article to a history of wheat-marketing problems . . . One might exclaim with one of Shakespeare's characters, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!"
—Robert Wood, Minnedosa, Man.

Dr. Neatby's blackboard jungles

It is regrettable that Dr. Hilda Neatby's facile pen lends her strictures on education an importance out of all proportion to their merit (*There's Too Much Democracy in Our Schools*, April 28).

Her conception of Canadian schools as blackboard jungles where terrified



teachers engage in a hopeless struggle with pampered ruffians is without foundation . . . It's true that teachers today don't talk much about authority and duty. The good teacher takes it for granted that he is in authority and that the pupil has an obligation to do the best job he can . . . If it is carrying democracy too far when we try to give to each pupil that kind of education that will make him the best human being he is capable of becoming, then there is but one recourse: to go back to the lock-step methods of yesteryear.
—G. J. Reeve, Winnipeg.

● Thank God for Hilda Neatby, and pray God her influence will be felt and acted upon.—H. Bryant, Victoria, B.C.

Isaac Wolfson's invasion

I read with some embarrassment McKenzie Porter's article, *Isaac Wolfson's Silent Invasion of Canada* (April 14) . . . Some matters in the article, besides being inaccurate, were entirely out of place.

Reference to a "multi-million-dollar gamble" in Canada is derogatory of the principles I hold dear and contrary to my practice . . . The Wolfson "ownership of The Great Universal Stores" is far from being absolute. I prefer, as is the fact, to be regarded as chairman of the group whose entire concern . . . is to ensure the prosperity of the enterprise and preserve and promote the interests of its 40,000 shareholders. The statement that I run 700 factories is a gross exaggeration. In fact the group controls less even than one twentieth of that figure . . . —Isaac Wolfson, London, Eng. ★

Backstage in Paris continued from page 8

contacts with the Soviet bloc and thus invite battle on the cultural front. There was a paragraph to this effect in one draft of the final communiqué, but it was taken out. West Germany, for one, felt too insecure to wage competitive coexistence with the Communists on such touchy issues as rearmament, conscription and German reunification.

Thus one by one the obvious alterna-

tives were crossed off, until there wasn't anything left except "political consultation." This is merely the chronic demand and complaint of the smaller countries that they should be consulted, or at least informed, before the Big Three, or any one of them, set off on a new course of foreign policy. But the sorest conceivable subject of political consultation for NATO at the moment is the problem of Cyprus, on which

three NATO members are hopelessly and bitterly divided. Cyprus wasn't even mentioned at the May meeting of the council, and everybody seemed to think this abstinence was a considerable achievement.

So the final answer to this as to so many questions at international organizations was, "Let us appoint a committee." Pearson, Lange and Martino are instructed to find, before the next meeting of the council, an answer to NATO's big question.

Pearson for one was disappointed to find himself nominated—not because



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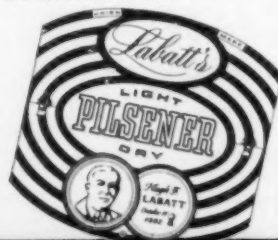


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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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he minds doing the work, but because he thought the committee would have a better chance of getting something done if it were recruited from bigger countries. He had hoped that an American, perhaps of the caliber of Harold Stassen, who is President Eisenhower's spokesman on disarmament matters, might have been assigned to the job, with some eminent Briton to help him.

Five years ago another such committee, also called the three wise men, did the same sort of thing in the military field as Pearson and company are asked to do in the nonmilitary. At the NATO conference in Ottawa in 1951, an enormous gap developed between what the generals said was the least we could do and be safe, and what the finance ministers said was the most we could do and be solvent. Averell Harriman of the U. S., Sir Edwin Plowden of Britain, and Jean Monnet of France were appointed to go about from one NATO capital to the other and winnow out the hard facts from the bales of rhetoric: how much could, and how much should, each NATO partner be asked to do?

That task was hard and grim, and called for a lot of plain speaking, but at least it was specific. The wise men of 1951 were dealing with the concrete and the tangible. Their namesakes of 1956 are not. They don't know exactly what it is they're looking for, and neither does anybody else.

They're determined on one thing, though: whatever answers they do get, pleasant or unpleasant, they intend to record. If, for example, the answer should be that NATO can't do anything at all outside the military field and might as well forget the whole idea, they intend to say precisely that. They think this would be far better than a flowery report to be read and pigeonholed, or—still worse—a new NATO division whose work would be to draft pious resolutions.

A major objective of Canadian policy is to keep the United States in close association with her European allies. If the U. S. were to pull out of Europe and return to a kind of fortress America, Canada would be left all alone as the very junior partner in a North American community. Canadians feel much happier as one group among fourteen than they would on the high end of a North American seesaw.

So the aim of the three wise men, in Canada's view, is to strengthen and perpetuate the North Atlantic com-

munity—which does not mean, necessarily, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. They are open-minded on that point. They may decide and report that the best course for NATO is to drop all idea of nonmilitary functions—to delete or ignore Article Two, which plights NATO members to economic co-operation. Let NATO be a purely defensive military alliance; for economic affairs let the United States and Canada join such other agencies as the European Payments Union and the Organization for European Economic Co-operation (OEEC).

Meanwhile, the three wise men are vastly encouraged by the reaction of member governments to their enterprise. Washington in particular is taking it very seriously; the State Department has assigned a special "task force" to draft ideas and suggestions. Whether this interest will survive the presidential election campaign, or whether it's an attempt to get international assistance in drafting the Republican platform, remains to be seen.

PEARSON MAY HAVE a special personal reason for wanting to keep NATO's decks clear of any useless coils of rope. This spring's meeting produced the usual rumor story, with more than usual detail and the trappings of authority, to the effect that Pearson will succeed Lord Ismay as secretary-general of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Apparently the story was premature, to say the least. Pearson denied flatly, without hesitation or qualification, that anyone had approached him on the subject "officially or unofficially." But when he was asked whether he'd accept the job if such an approach were made, he hedged—"a hypothetical question," he called it.

It is common knowledge that when the post was created at the Lisbon conference four years ago, Pearson was the first man to whom it was offered and he was willing to take it. Prime Minister St. Laurent persuaded him to refuse the NATO job and stay on in Canada.

Pearson's friends have believed for a long time that if the offer were renewed, Pearson would accept. Lord Ismay will probably retire before this time next year. If the Liberal Party wants to retain the services of its ablest and most popular figure, it had better make up its mind what to do with him. ★



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Joe McCulley continued from page 20

He was up against big-name contenders, but his big ears clinched the Graphic job for McCulley

his glass of Gonzales. His expression is unswervingly quizzical; his man-of-distinction clothes expensively casual; his bow ties sober. He affects jackets with cuffed sleeves, a style he brought back from Oxford thirty years ago. What's more, he knows personally many of the high-level people he interviews on Graphic.

But for low-level interviews McCulley has another set of qualifications. He is the son of a policeman and the immaculate haberdashery hangs on big Irish bones. After three decades of bull sessions with adolescents, and five years of working with convicts, McCulley makes a point of dropping a judicious "g" and adopting a bit of slang whenever appropriate. "Boy, that's rugged!" he'll say sympathetically to an undergraduate's tale of woe.

But the clincher in getting the Graphic job was ears. McCulley won over a double handful of contenders, including Larry Henderson, a CBC newscaster, Gordon Burwash, a freelance journalist and actor, and Bruce West, a former newspaper columnist.

The producers preferred to bypass interviewing and performing experience and bet on McCulley's blend of Oxford cloth and Irish homespun. "He has the right look," said Norman DePoe, Graphic's editorial supervisor, making the kind of gesture common at art exhibits. "He'd look right at home in an interview at the bottom of a coal mine."

This rather curious way of casting an emcee is probably as safe as any other. Even this late in the electronic age no one knows for sure what makes a TV personality. What for instance makes the viewer like Ike? Nobody is too certain.

And there's no set of labor-saving rules: "You can pick a handsome cultivated guy with a nice manner and a good education," says DePoe, "and he doesn't go at all. Then take some clunk with a Grade 8 education and bingo! Away he goes."

McCulley, who had gone along with the auditions indulgently, suddenly

found he was It. He hustled along and got clearance from U. of T. president Sidney Smith, who is still being reminded that he once said publicly there weren't enough characters in Canada. Then, pausing only to reassure his academic friends that "TV is here to stay. You can't do a King Canute; you've got to work with it," he proceeded to the studio to get groomed. Ford was in a hurry to get the show on the air to jack up sagging car sales. Writers had already batted out scripts for the first program, which included a live "remote" interview between McCulley in the Toronto studio and Yousuf Karsh, an old friend, in his Ottawa salon of photography.

A remote interview is achieved by using a mobile unit to transmit voice and image from the subject's home base to the master control room in Toronto, which is simultaneously receiving McCulley's voice and image from the studio floor. The ingredients are mixed there with a result that resembles a telephone conversation with alternating pictures. It is Graphic's prize parlor trick, though not a particularly original one. Karsh was allowed to ad-lib, but McCulley's lines were carefully scripted and then transferred to the yellow paper scroll that goes into the TelePrompTer. He was coached in their delivery, told not to dangle his big hands, not to look at his boots, not to shout during the remote interviews, and what part of the camera to look at. It was suggested that he not punctuate Karsh's answers with his characteristic headmasterly, "Good! Good!"

Louis Applebaum, the musical director, wrote a special background McCulley theme ("A rich, warm theme for horns," he describes it. "You could call it a theme for cuffed sleeves"). Peter Macfarlane, the studio producer, borrowed McCulley's favorite chair, a wing-back, to seat him in ("He'll feel more comfortable in his own chair").

Variety, the talmud of show business, was less than kind to the first Graphic. "Thin," it reported tersely, "and tended to women's-page value; needs



better cinematography." But it patted the host on the back: "a relief to Canadian tv viewers who are becoming tired of old faces and welcome a new non-pro."

When McCulley saw a filmed record he said, "I looked frightened to death."

Except that his secretary stayed glued to her TV set and was probably more nervous than her boss, McCulley's TV debut caused scarcely a ripple around the campus. But he could undoubtedly have recruited a respectable clique from among his personal alumni, if he'd chosen.

The oldest son of an Irish spirits-salesman-turned-policeman, McCulley put himself through the University of Toronto by teaching public school, working at the YMCA and counseling at summer camp. After two years at Oxford on a fellowship, he was offered the headmastership of Pickering College, a venerable Quaker prep school that was being reopened in a small community north of Toronto. McCulley sums up his views on schooling in the tag, "Education without tears." He remodeled Pickering on lines as close to a boys' camp as was academically possible.

He instituted student government, let students have all the leaves their consciences would allow, abolished the cane, allowed older boys to smoke and call him "Joe" and rechristened mischief "making a mistake." If a boy made a mistake his tutor called him in for an informal chat; if he persisted in making mistakes McCulley talked to him.

One new boy for whom McCulley outlined this honor system listened attentively and when he was asked if he had any questions said, "There's only one thing, sir. What can I do and what can't I do and what happens to me if I do?"

Always a patron of the arts, McCulley started the school's fine-art collection and, during the Depression, even gave free board and lodging to a hand-picked group of hungry painters and sculptors. He hoped to hatch some great works—but unfortunately those

in his little art colony lounged around in berets and beards, did little work and disappeared at the end of the year.

McCulley was also responsible for commissioning a mural called Evolution, which adorns the end wall of the school gym. The central feature is a basketball loop attached by bolts, but it is bracketed by a CinemaScope-sized male and female in the buff. Visiting teams claim Evolution is responsible for Pickering's high record of basketball wins, and every time there's a tea dance a deputation of town girls and/or their mothers makes a timid request that the mural be covered.

In spite of these innovations McCulley insisted on certain observances such as wearing jackets and ties for dinner, and he instilled principles of self-discipline, tolerance and understanding by personal example and by talks in chapel, during which he frequently quoted from Tennyson's Ulysses. "I'm a funny mixture of traditionalist and radical," he says.

"What do you do around here?"

McCulley was ready to tackle what he terms "a new challenge" by the time he was offered the post of deputy commissioner of penitentiaries in 1947. He moved to Ottawa, crammed up on penology and spent the next five years supervising the introduction of an educational and recreational program for the prisons. He organized colleges for staff and libraries and Sunday baseball games for inmates and talked to prisoners all across Canada. One inmate asked for an appointment and when asked what was on his mind told McCulley, "Nothing very much. I just heard you was a good guy to talk to."

In 1952 McCulley was offered the Hart House post. When he left the Department of Justice the monthly magazine put out by the inmates of Kingston Penitentiary mourned, "Our loss is the University of Toronto's gain."

Old lags regularly drop in to see him at Hart House. One of them turned up drunk one night and took the warden to task for changing jobs. He wound up saying belligerently, "Just exactly what do you do around here?" McCulley explained that his job was to make friends with students and staff, help discover latent abilities, give guidance and counsel and open mental windows wherever he could.

The lag brightened and said, "Oh, I see. You're doing exactly what you used to do in the prisons, except you're doing it with better bets."

McCulley manages to see a similar continuity in his new television assignment. "Graphic's a program about people," he explains. "And it's a new challenge."

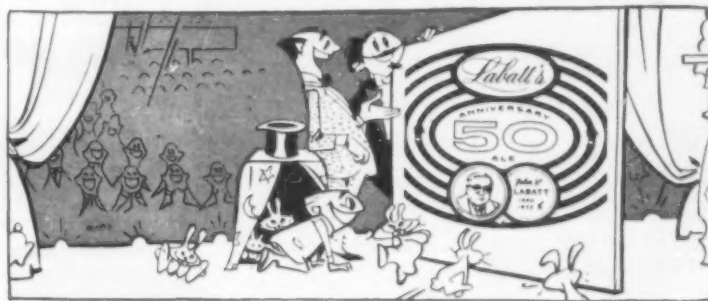
But his two worlds remain pretty well insulated against each other as an examination of the seventh edition of Graphic presented on Friday, April 20, demonstrates.

McCulley had to report to studio 1 in the CBC television building on Jarvis Street at 1.30. His morning followed its usual serene pattern. A steward from the Hart House kitchens served breakfast in McCulley's opulent quarters on the top floor. The warden says he has never married because he's been too busy bringing up other people's children. He ate in his shirtsleeves with his newspaper propped on a polished wooden rack before him. A theology student, departing to take a summer job, bounded in to say good-by and to thank the warden for the long chats about penology that had inspired a successful paper on the subject.

"It was really your paper," he giggled. "The only part that was mine



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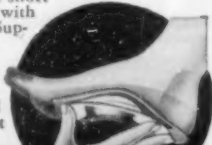
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"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

was the opening sentence. And the benediction."

The warden brushed his teeth, donned a jacket, shot his cuffs and went down to his ground-floor office. At a massive oak desk by a window overlooking the quadrangle he answered mail. He lunched on fish and cabbage in the Great Hall, moved his plate over midway through the meal to join two members of the Art Committee in an earnest discussion about a new canvas for the house collection.

Half an hour later he was in a different world—standing in a vast chilly gymnasium of a studio strewn with cables and ropes and cameras as formidable as twenty-five-pounders on their massive mounts. This was studio 1, where Graphic is produced.

McCulley went straight to his wing-back chair on the painted island in the olive-green linoleum. He settled into it with his back to the curtains and his face toward the two cameras and the lights and the TelePrompTer and the monitor. He glanced through his typewritten advance copy of the script.

It called for a live interview with Lionel Shapiro, the Canadian writer and reporter, a live interview with a Montreal chorus girl and a hidden-camera film about people weighing themselves on a secretly doctored scale.

Not only the scale had been doctored, for Graphic's boasted realism had to be cunningly contrived. The host is virtually a ventriloquist's dummy, asking borrowed questions at a prescribed speed. A writing and research staff had already roughed out his interviewees' answers. Shapiro, who lives in Montreal and was registered downtown at the Royal York Hotel, had been moved to a more photogenic suite at the King Edward for the show. The chorus girl wasn't really a chorus girl: the Bellevue Casino line didn't produce a satisfactory exhibit so Lola Sully, a specialty act, had been temporarily demoted. Because none of it was real, it took eight solid hours of rehearsal to make it seem that way.

First the weight-scale film. Peter Macfarlane, the studio director, darted out of the gloom into McCulley's spotlight stake-out and crouched by the chair. "Joe, in that last line where the woman says 'no wonder it's free,' pick it up and echo her: 'No wonder it's free.' Like that. With a laugh."

McCulley laughed too long, missed his place on the TelePrompTer and raced to catch up.

Then his introduction to the Shapiro interview. Macfarlane darted forward again: "Let's try a little book business. If you could almost memorize this section so you could be riffling through Shapiro's book while you're talking about it." (The producers usually try to suggest bits of business for McCulley's hands.)

McCulley's picture disappeared from the monitor and after a moment Shapiro's appeared. He was in the hotel room in his shirtsleeves, and very much at ease. They went through the interview, McCulley reading his scripted queries and Shapiro ad-libbing the suggested answers.

After a long pause the Montreal remote came in, in the person of Lola Sully. She bloomed on the monitor—Canada's answer to Marilyn Monroe. McCulley had earlier protested, half-seriously, that he'd take a ribbing from his college colleagues for interviewing a chorus girl.

Now he said paternally, "Miss Sully, just try to remember that sound box is just a person sitting in an armchair." She looked puzzled but flashed her clockwork smile. The stagehands drifted closer but McCulley was flipping through his typewritten script

when the camera panned up Miss Sully's elegant legs. She answered the scripted questions, nonstop, in words that could have been written by Damon Runyon, and smiled a continuous radiant smile. She was a doll.

There were script consultations.

At four they went through the whole show except the commercials. At five McCulley tagged along with Macfarlane, DePoe, Louis Applebaum, the music director, and Sydney Newman, Graphic's supervising producer, to a nearby restaurant for dinner.

At six a make-up girl applied pancake No. 6 to his face and ears, with a bit of the darker No. 9 to shade the cheeks and straighten the nose. McCulley looked at the ceiling, as automatically as an old troupier, when she started applying mascara to his lashes.

At seven-thirty the dress rehearsal started. McCulley was only a cog now in the massive machinery of production. The producers, writers and supervisors had all retired to the control booth and were scribbling feverish reminders to themselves by the tiny lights of desk lamps. The show turned out to be running short and the chief writer buried his forehead in his hands as he tried to think of questions to add to the Montreal interview. McCulley sat ignored in the spotlight and waited.

At nine o'clock, to the luscious strains of a theme for cuffed sleeves, Graphic rolled. Once, when the remote picture failed, McCulley faltered and lost his place, but otherwise he read through the show word-perfect.

"We're workin' on it, boy"

Today, after more than a dozen shows, the producers still don't know whether they've picked a winner. "There are just a certain number of things we can plan for him to do," says one of them. "He can't ad-lib."

The sponsors are happy, reports their agency man, Al Savage. "But I wish they'd take him off that TelePrompTer."

For the moment McCulley is content to be clay in the hands of the potter, though once he refused to read the verb "delight" in his script. "I can't use a precious word like that," he said.

One of these days he's going to catch Ed Murrow's show: "If I'm going into this business there's a lot he can teach me, once I've jelled."

But so far TV remains a sideline. The campus is still his real world, so after the show he slips out of the studio and drives his 1952 Pontiac back to the mullioned YMCA that is Hart House.

Up in the apartment under the eaves the only sign of his double life is a black plimsoll line on the wall a few inches above the top of a low blue-leather chair. It's the mark left by his wing-back when it was carried away to studio 1. McCulley now thinks he'll sell it to the CBC.

Otherwise everything is in order—the broadloom, the books, the records, the paintings, the etchings of Christ Church, Oxford, the red china horse that was a birthday gift from the Pickering student body, the little inlaid wooden safe made from pilfered materials by a con, the scores of photographs of fresh-faced young men, many in uniform and many in academic gown and hood.

In fact, if he likes, McCulley can forget about TV for another six days, except to brighten a bit when a non-resident student, calling about another matter the morning after, mentions Friday night's show in passing.

"Thank you," McCulley shouts genially into the telephone. "Thank you. There are still some rough spots, but we're workin' on it, boy; we're workin' on it." ★

**"A small minority has always sniped at the U. S.
— but has fought every national aspiration here"**

you try to build up a national sentiment based on hostility to this condition, while knowing that the condition cannot be altered, you make the people of Canada disheartened and resentful in all their national aspirations—the qualities of a truly inferior people.

The proposal to build a trans-Canada pipeline for natural gas has raised some nice questions for those who have been flying the anti-American kite. Since every Canadian would like to see a pipeline built by Canadians and controlled by Canadian capital, the time seemed to be opportune to call attention to the fact that roughly fifty percent of the investment in manufacturing in this country and fifty percent of the mining investment was controlled by Americans. The time seemed to be just right for a little flag waving—not the Canadian flag, since there isn't one—and for a stout-hearted defense of the border.

Then, almost overnight, the war cries began to fade to a whisper. Why? The facts! The kite flyers were suddenly confronted by the facts. Every province in Canada has done all in its power to encourage American investment in mining and manufacturing. From now on, then, was this kind of investment to be discouraged? The answer was obviously a simple one: not on your life. Times have been too good. Business has been booming. If American plants could be induced to

locate in the provinces, well, the more the merrier. And when the boys get together in the back room to whittle out the planks for a platform in a national election and one of them suggests a plank advocating the curtailment of American investment, he will be promptly laughed out of court.

The danger is, of course, that these men, while accepting all the fruits of American investment, out of sheer frustration, will do all in their power to create an anti-American atmosphere. This in the long run may do what their own common sense tells them ought not to be done—discourage any further American investment.

In this country there has always been a small but highly articulate minority who have busily sniped away at the United States. But this minority could never be called nationalist in aspiration; in fact, it is this minority that has fought every national aspiration in this country. Therefore, it seems passing strange to me that a true national spirit can be expected to flower in a soil cultivated by this minority. It is bound to have a bogus quality, and in fact I think it is alien to the temper of ninety percent of the people of Canada.

In the world right now there is a lot of anti-Americanism and a lot of it is understandable, for there have been tremendous displacements in the seats of power. I think I understand some of the anti-Americanism rampant in Lon-

**A
MAN'S
ale**



"A job like mine takes it out of you"

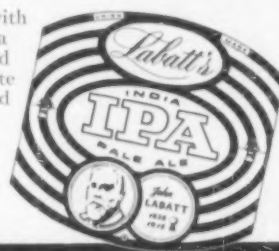
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BODY
in it**



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don; the New Statesman and Nation snipes away busily and bitterly at everything American. But we in Canada cannot possibly share those twisted and bitter feelings or have that peculiar kind of malice, for we haven't lost our place in the sun; to the contrary, we are just coming into it. For us to take over these twisted resentments surely represents a psychopathic kind of colonialism. Yet it can't help coming our way.

It comes sometimes in the enchanting disguise of a preachment urging us to be different from the vulgar Americans. Only the other day J. B. Priestley went across the country, urging Canadians to be "different." Now it might be contended that Mr. Priestley, coming into a part of North America called Canada, from a part called the United States, would have got some aesthetic satisfaction in finding the natives as different as the Fiji Islanders are from the inhabitants of New York City. But there is more to it than that, for Mr. Priestley, appearing on the television program *Tabloid*, used the words, "the source of the infection," when alluding to the United States.

It is the privilege of any European to scold us for being so American in our way of living, but when he is a well-known writer and he urges us to be different, he is either a wild romantic as far as cultural patterns are concerned—as Mr. Priestley well may be—or he is inviting young Canadian nationalists to be as phony as three-dollar bills. What is involved here is all that shapes a culture—the economic forces, all the methods of production and distribution, the way people dress and eat, the songs they sing, the games they play and above all the language. When you try to resist these forces by sheer acts of will you can be "different" all right. Young Canadians, for example, could start wearing togas and sandals. But nothing truly indigenous to the soil can come out of it. Cultures don't grow in this style anyway; they grow like cabbages.

I have said nothing about French-Canadian nationalism, although I have always respected it and have felt I understood it because it is based on a love of this country above all other countries. French Canadians, in the

main, haven't been torn by conflicting loyalties. Their Chinese wall is their language. But I have had one curious fact explained to me by French-Canadian editors: the pressures that tend to break up the old *habitant* life come from the south—radio, television magazines, unions, industrialization. Montreal is one of the two Canadian teams in the National Hockey League; Montreal is in the International League in baseball. There is nothing like knowing where you are.

My kind of nationalism, as I said before, was based on a recognition of where we are and what kind of a civilization we live in. I think we have something to contribute to this civilization, because our northland is as important as the southland and our long cold winters and fierce tropical summers by this time have probably got into our blood and we should soon be showing that we feel and think as a northern people. We have been a little slow in using our eyes and ears and trying to see ourselves and the world for what it is because there has always been someone tugging at our arms and pointing somewhere else. I think we should relax in our northern sunlight and not try to be "different" as Canadians. If we are different from the people to the south, it will show in our work; it will be like the real distinction that is found in a work of art—the unique vision the artist has; he can't force it; it is his life, his eyes, his imagination; it is something that has grown in him.

It seems to me that the new nationalists—and I hiccup when I use the word—are men with blinkers on when they refuse to see us as part and parcel of North American civilization. They would try to live and flower in terms of what they reject, not by what they are, and it seems to me this could lead to a dreadful kind of provincialism. Of course, it would be greatly to the advantage of many third-rate people. Of a manufactured product, or a work of art, a poem or a play, no one would ask the one right question that should be asked first of all things made: "Is it any good?" It would be enough instead to ask first if it was Canadian, and then it could be given a valuation known and cared about by us alone. ★



MACLEAN'S

IN THE editors' confidence



Each year many of the layouts you see in Maclean's compete in the top art directors' shows. Often they win awards; this year they hit the jackpot with eight. Here's our prize art staff: John Gray, Lois Harrison, Desmond English, boss Eugene Aliman and Ruth Hertzman. Behind them are plans for forthcoming issues.

Our prize-winning art staff



Ronny Jaques' color photo that we ran with Bruce Hutchison's story on Newfoundland was a winner in Montreal and New York. Competing with 11,000 in New York, our six entries took two prizes.



James Hill's striking illustration that helped tell the story of one couple's vigil on familiar Siwash Rock in Vancouver was also double winner, with a medal from Toronto and a merit award from New York.



Peter Whalley's cartoons for our article on man and water were a smash hit in Montreal. They won Whalley a plaque. Assistant art director English, who designed the layout, took a merit award.



Our art director, Eugene Aliman, who took a bow with Ronny Jaques for his layout on Newfoundland's fishermen, won a second award of merit in Montreal for this layout on Maclean's article about blood.



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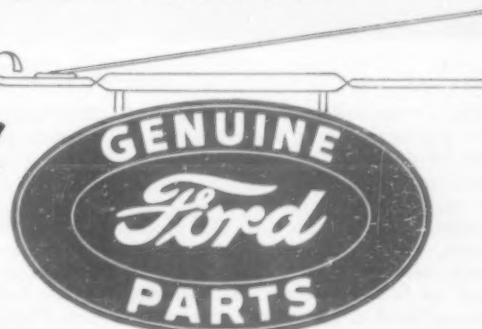
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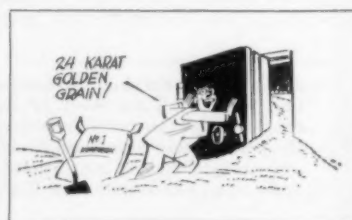
Why not take your time on a picnic?

SUMMER FILLS our city parks with the most colorful characters, human as well as bird, and we sympathize with the young fellow tramping through Toronto's High Park late the other Sunday afternoon who innocently asked a young woman picnicking with her mother if she could tell him the time. His eyes bugged right out of his head when she smiled, said, "Why, of course," and hauled a large and battered tin alarm clock out of the picnic basket.

It's all right, son, wherever you are. This mother and daughter like going to church as well as picnicking. If you'd stuck around till 6.45 you'd have heard the clock go off to remind them not to miss evening service.

* * *

We were glad to read that sales abroad of Canadian wheat have begun to create a little space in western granaries to let hard-up wheat growers start shipping their farm-stored grain and collecting a little money. We wouldn't want any repetition of the nasty scene that occurred in the Peace River country when things were at their worst. One farmer with a temporarily worthless fortune in wheat swamping his premises was driven to distraction by a succession of terse notes from his banker, demanding that he repay an overdue loan. Finally something snapped, he went roaring into town in his truck, backed up to the



bank and was frenziedly shouting, "Want your payment? Here's your payment!" as he shoveled the stuff in the door, before the town constable came along and calmed the poor fellow down.

* * *

The by-election in B. C.'s Lillooet district last fall having been followed by one of the darndest winters in years, we make little or no apology for the tardiness of this report of one campaign speech which proved far more intriguing than most. The climax came when a speaker worked himself up into such a patriotic fervor he made a special appeal to "All you men in this audience who fought and died for your country in the last war . . ."

Somehow we suspect this classified ad could have appeared in only one Canadian city:

Experienced medium and clairvoy-



ant desires haunted house to hold experimental seance in. Box 1050, Victoria Press.

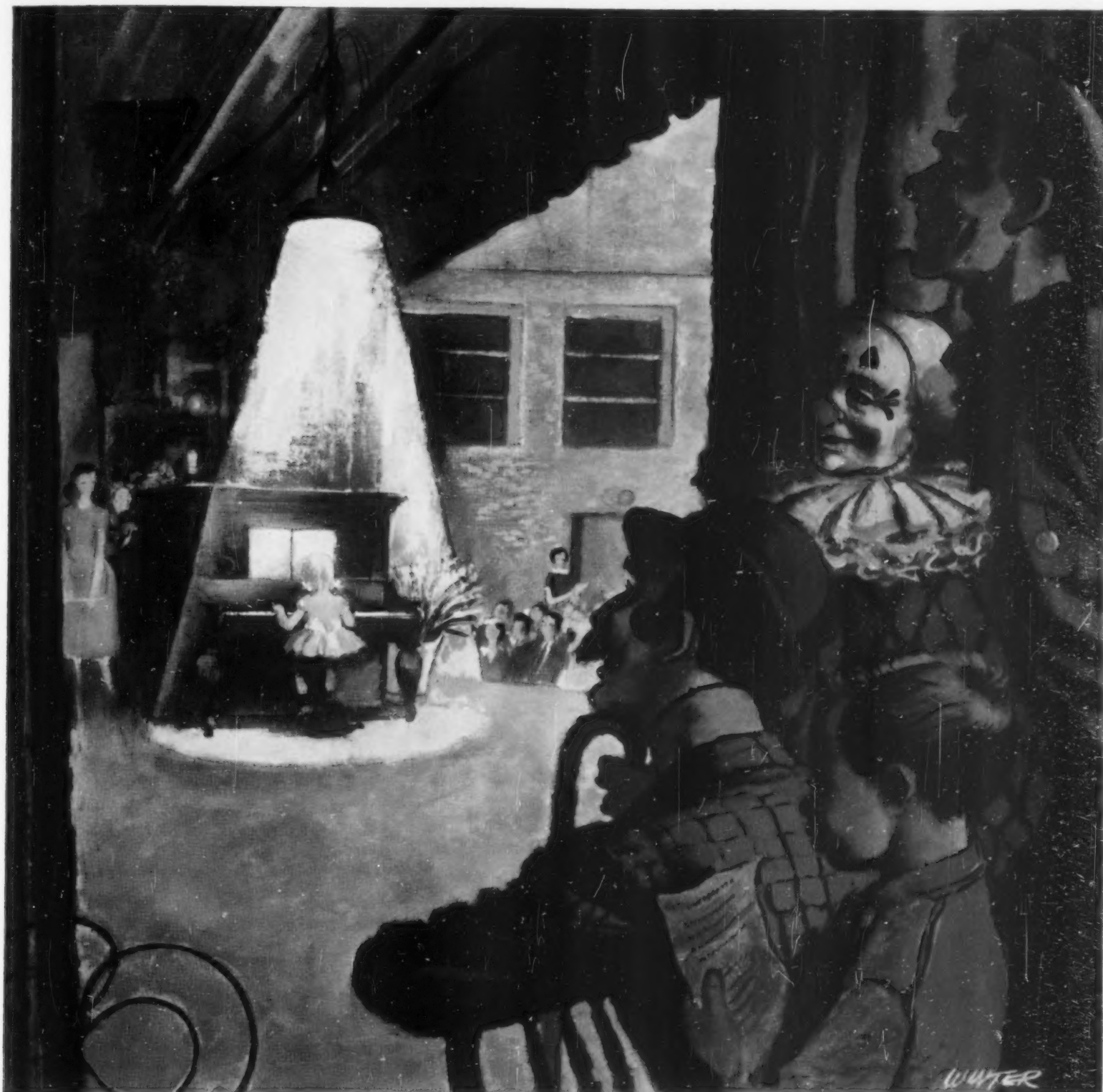
* * *

We heard the other day of a Toronto father who has given in to the teen-age telephone menace by putting in an extra line for the youngsters to monopolize. But the same day we heard of another man of entirely different stamp who'll never succumb in such cowardly fashion because he still remembers how his father dealt with the problem thirty years ago.

An enterprising and successful businessman, this member of a former generation went to the trouble of having a telephone installed in his rather remote summer home so he could keep in touch with his office when absent. Unfortunately a number of neighboring summer residents followed suit and soon the young fry were on the line whenever he wanted it for business. So what did he do? He built a ladder up the wall, minus the bottom four rungs to make it hard to climb; then he had the telephone hung on the wall at arm's length from the top of the ladder. And then the kids were welcome to use it if they wanted to take a flying leap to the ladder and hang by one hand and one foot while they cranked up the rural telephone to make their calls.

This rugged individualist has been dead some years now, but to show his wife appreciated him as much as his children have come to do, she still goes to the same summer home every year and though a wiry seventy-odd she still scrambles agilely up the wall whenever she wants to phone. "Wouldn't change it for the world," she tells the grown-up children for whom it was originally designed. "Funniest thing your father ever did."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Sometimes it takes pigtails to win!

The community hall is packed. Friends and relatives from miles around have come to cheer their favorites on.

There's a tap-dancer, a recitation, a man in cowboy garb singing "On Top of Old Smokey" in a languid, mournful voice. A trio of girls try their luck with the tune at the top of the hit parade. Then a pigtailed, beribboned little girl in an organdie dress goes to the piano, plays slowly but well, and brings the house down. No one can resist the combination of pigtails and pluck.

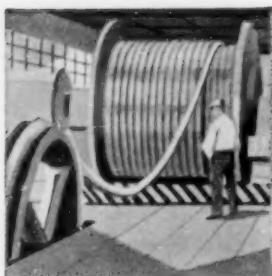
Home-town talent concerts like this are just one of many fine traditions that go together to make Canadian farm life enjoyable for young

and old alike. And community halls have made it possible for thousands of farm people to find an outlet for the kind of recreation they enjoy most.

The building of more and more community halls in rural areas has become a signpost of change—change in farming methods, growth of leisure-time activities, change even, in the outlook of the farmer toward his work. For today, because most of the heavy work on the farm is done by machinery, farming has become more satisfactory, in every way, to those who engage in it. We're working to make it more so as the years go by.

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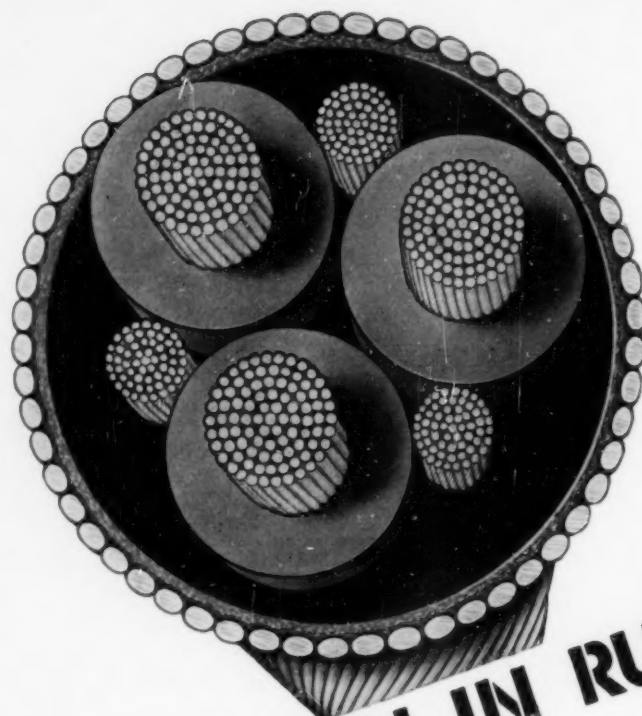
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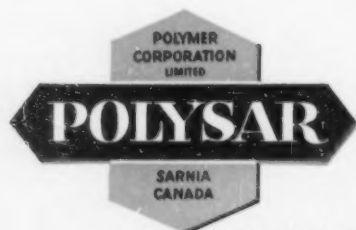
cables speed world's biggest dredging job!

Removing a lake bottom to uncover vast iron ore deposits . . . the biggest dredging job in the world! That's the tremendous undertaking which Polysar rubber is helping to make possible at Steep Rock Lake in Northwestern Ontario!

To remove the overburden, two huge pipeline dredges were required, each powered from shore by underwater electrical cables operating at 13,800 volts. The exacting demands on these cables posed a major insulation problem. Polysar Butyl rubber, because of its high resistance to ozone, water, heat and cold, plus its excellent

electrical properties, supplied the solution.

Polysar provides efficient insulation not only for power and communication cables but also for the everyday wiring and appliance cords in your own home. In this, as in many other applications, the versatility of Polysar is demonstrated. Polysar is a *chemical* rubber, which can be tailor-made by formula to meet specific requirements. That is why Polysar has improved most rubber products and created a host of *new* products. These are yours to enjoy because . . . *there's been a revolution in rubber.*



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ALMOST HALF OF ALL NEW RUBBER USED IN CANADA TODAY IS POLYSAR

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